

# TOC H JOURNAL

Vol. XI

NOVEMBER, 1933

No. 10

*Contributions must reach the Editor not later than the Tenth of the month previous to issue*

## SALT

**S**ALT! Cast off your dull and blind familiarity with this amazing monosyllable, and think it out again. A jaded world is always full of phrase-mongers; for phrases, which are the fireworks of language, are most admired when other light is lacking. But every daring metaphor falls down before the significance of Salt as applied by Jesus to Religion.

Imagine that you are hearing it for the first time. Longing to make life simple, Jesus has dwelt already upon the earlier links in that great chain of monosyllables with which He told men truth. "Light" was a normal word; for the gift of light was valued at its true worth before it was harnessed to a switch upon a wall. "Life" was a word which all men understood. "The Way" is not unusual. "Hunger and thirst" are elemental to humanity. But "Salt!" To grasp the sense, the student's mind must realise that salt had more than a domestic use in Palestine. Our Lord is not averse to domesticity, He often speaks of items in the furniture of cottages. But salt, as His hearers knew, was a constant requisite, not only in the home, but within the Temple. The modern fashion of sending wreaths to funerals, provides a week later a heap of decaying vegetation in the churchyard. Even to-day it passes the wit of man to keep cut flowers perpetually fresh. But, when Our Lord said "Salt," He was addressing a people in whose worship salt was a sacred preservative. The Jewish Church prescribed that man should not approach his Maker empty-handed; and no one in His audience but knew that every slain beast in the Temple area soon needed salt, to keep the carcase for a time from decay. When this point is considered, it becomes plain that Our Lord, in summing up the Christian faith in the word "Salt," was prophesying the native power of His society to arrest the decay of civilisation and of human character. Salt preserves sacrifice.

I stand back from this theme; and concentrate upon some minor but equally neglected lessons within this simile of salt. First, salt produces thirst, and Christianity in order to win men must first attract them. Their thirst must be aroused before it can be satisfied. The truth must lead men on. They must decline to believe that Christ's religion is simply for the few, the "unco' guid." God reaches men in more ways than man can know. There is no time, no place, no circumstance, no atmosphere, no bolt or bar, which can be confident of keeping Christ from men. Some Revivalists imagine that men cannot find Christ, unless they find Him in the way described by such and such an ingenuity. I heard once of a man who had a true career as an Evangelist; but he was haunted by one quaint delusion. He himself had been converted under a railway arch. He became an excellent Christian man, but to his dying day he could not believe in the veracity of any conversion which did not also occur under a railway arch.

This story is typical to the verge of being tragic. Revivalist movements are generally shipwrecked by their inability to credit the experience of others. The younger Churches, emerging, as **most** of them do, from some one point of view which set true souls on fire, tend also to look askance at methods of salvation other than those they know. The senior Churches of Christendom, if they have profited by age, must recognise by now that Jordan overflows its banks to the benefit of a far wider harvest than their own. Whether they say this openly or not, history says it upon every page. You can no more limit God's redemptive methods than limit the love resident in Redemption. In homelier words, God is the greatest of all fishermen, and has a book of flies appropriate for every kind of stream and fish and weather. Some He discards for a few centuries, then they emerge again. Others He never seems to tire of using; and sometimes He will prove His supreme skill by catching souls like salmon on the crudest of bent pins. He only throws away, with sad deliberation, the hook which comes to think of itself too highly.

Salt! Why the metaphor is inexhaustible. Let me confess the reason which suggested it to me. I happen to be one of those Englishmen who has in India a stake of one brother and many brother-members. They write lightheartedly, as Englishmen do in times of trouble. Here is a letter, from one who is a Judge in a dangerous spot, where life was recently precarious. For years this man, who wishes harm to no one, who has a wise and Christian nature, has been anticipating week by week in the Court, or seated at his table, or in his home, or on the way, or calling, or visiting a hospital or school, a bullet in the brain. He wrote to me a delicious letter concerning one deep theme—how “to serve God with mirth.” He reminds me that Toc H was prophesied in 1916 upon the Somme by Archie Turner, who before he died there dreamed upon paper of a Christian Club for the Promotion of True Hilarity.\* He searches back into the phrase “Him serve with mirth.” He tells me—he is Scots—that this appeared in the *Scots Psalter* of 1650 and is still in the Scottish metrical version of the Psalms, and is also retained in the *Church Hymnary*. The author, so it seems, is Richard Kethe, who lived at the beginning of the 17th century. Our *Hymns Ancient and Modern* threw the phrase overboard, and substituted something far more dull. (Was it not they who also brought about the loss of that most lovely line “Where the young Prince of Glory died”?) He says he much prefers the metric version of the Psalm, and finds it helpful as an abiding truth that God does not resent human mirth, provided it is clean, sincere and offered.

Here indeed is a theme, and how neglected! Let me rehearse the heads. Go to *Green Pastures*,† and do not be too prim to smile openly at the charming humour in which the conversation is conducted between Noah and God. Noah there hints that just a little keg of whisky would be useful for seasick animals, and God allows

\* Reprinted on page 343 of this number.

† Alas, you cannot “go to *Green Pastures*” in any theatre in Great Britain, for by the law of the land the Lord Chamberlain may not sanction any representation of the Person of God on a public stage—though the Devil in many subtle rôles is often to be seen playing his part. Nor is it easy to read *Green Pastures*, for the English edition of *Six Plays*, published by Gollancz, that contains it, is at the present time out of print. The play, which represents the American negro's idea of God, has made a deep impression in the U.S.A. and in some Continental countries.—ED.

the little keg with generous sympathy. Other instructions follow; but Noah, when he enumerates them finally, mentions—of course by a mere slip—two kegs of whiskey. God says “No—one keg, Noah.” If you are shocked at this I somehow fear that you are lacking the Christian salt. You may be very righteous, very holy, but where is your sense of fun? In the New Testament we miss much by being over-solemn everywhere. We read it aloud in a black-edged voice, and wonder that the people turn away from stories which attracted their first hearers. Did not the common people hear Him gladly? We are bound to miss most of the *doubles entendres* which Jesus did not scruple to employ. For instance, in the description of a Jewish Sabbath and how the rigid Jew would break it in emergency, Our Lord seems to have played deliberately upon the two words “boy” and “pig,” which only had two letters different.

Or take the saying which now flames proudly, invulnerable to heretics, across the whole span of St. Peter’s at Rome. The only English translation is: “Peter, you are a brick; and with such bricks I will build.”\*

Or take the glorious promise in St. Mark, Chapter X verse 30, of all that faithful followers receive: “They shall receive an hundredfold, houses and lands and wives”—and then a pause—“with persecutions” says the earliest text. St. Matthew, who is more concerned with fitting in the prophecies, and with a mind more like the staid Churchwarden, cuts out this phrase as unbecoming.

Or take the incident of small Zacchaeus who climbed a tree. The last thing he expected was to be seen and to be told to come down suddenly from his celestial perch and act as host. Are we too bold in picturing to ourselves the sublime figure of Our Lord with laughter in His eyes as the small Jew makes an undignified descent, and begins to fuss about their entertainment? Zacchaeus finally becomes a deeply generous man, and learns at last to regard his old pompous self with more than a spice of new found Christian humour.

Oh, how the commentators have blotted out some of the purest spirit in the Gospel! Yet through their dulness flits from time to time an irresistible spirit of sweet and glowing mirth. Indeed Our Lord is Joy. When He rejoiced in spirit, His Father did not turn away from Him, but in Him was well pleased. Compassed about with sadness and undergoing voluntarily and deliberately every imaginable circumstance which can embitter or breed cynicism, Our Lord declined to disbelieve in men’s good nature or their aptitude for recognising virtue when they saw it. He staked His life and lost it in long drawn agony. Men broke His heart, but He continued to believe in them. He vested His whole faith in God and in His disciples.

Pursue their story. The Victorian schoolboy imagined, bless his heart, that he was the first to see the unconscious humour in the Acts of the Apostles. The humour of St. Luke is naturally reserved, but it is none the less deliberate. Gallio is thus summed up in a phrase recalling to all educated readers the classic story of one Hippoclitides, who danced upon his head and said he would not care.

St. Paul the Apostle has a fund of wit. “You would like me to be like you,” says one of his royal auditors. “Yes, just like me,” says Paul. Then his chains jangled. He looks down at them laughingly: “Your Highness, I will spare you these.”

\* Suggested by Sidy (for whom see July JOURNAL).

Come to the first age after the New Testament. When the young Church is getting bitter, as people do in long continued jeopardy, there are three legends of the Apostle John in his old age. Each of them shows some humour, but all the humour has been torn away from them by the dull way in which they are recorded. John meets Cerinthus in the Baths. Cerinthus is a hateful heretic. Then, says the old dull dreary Christian Philistine who wrote the story down, "Holy John said: 'Come, let us flee lest the baths fall upon us.'" Of course the actual thing which John did say was just what Charles Gore would have said if he met a man like Bernard Shaw at Waterloo Station, "The whole situation is preposterous; a thunderbolt would be extremely handy." Old John laughingly recalled the days before the Gallilean God had cured him of his young hot-headedness.

Move down the ages at lightning speed. Closely observe St. Francis. Do not regard Brother Juniper as being a mere clown and nincompoop. Behold the desperate state to which the lack of humour in Cardinal Ugolino drives them all, called as they were to be Little Brothers, Troubadours, God's Christy Minstrels, each with his corner stuffed with stories, chaff and asides. Nor had they the prerogative of being God's only jesters of the period. Discover the old story of the Neophyte, the Fair and the Wheelbarrow at York; the nightmare of King John, the nightmare of the Abbot of Jumièges who also woke up sore with being beaten by devils in hell, seized a great spear and clattered down into the ample wine vaults cursing each cask and thundering as he did so: "*Ubi est caritas?*"—"Where is love?" Cromwell stole salt from us; yet he had some supply, for where is Christian humour more deliberate, more fruitful, more attractive than in John Bunyan?

Gloom is an ugly vice which often makes the Pharisee. Behold him as shown forth for admiration in the old moral tale called *The Fairchild Family*. Here is a man who has no pulse of humour. He is censorious, prim, stiff-necked, self-satisfied. He believes God has called him preferentially.

Oh, it is well both to believe in God and His daily Providence, but most of God's perpetual care for us is best received by those who never dare to think that they are worth His worrying about them. Most spoil themselves and irritate their neighbours by treating moods as virtues; they belittle life itself by imagining that they have ceased from sin. We all are sinners every day we live. We all of us fall short, we all must struggle with ourselves. But we shall help His struggle for our souls by having Salt within ourselves, among ourselves continually. Saints are people who are conscious that they have got an awful lot to learn. No saint has ever dreamed of talking big about his own high progress in religion, any more than a true aristocrat mentions his name and title to a stranger. Humility and penitence and gratitude are the three virtues which God loves the most. So keep Toc H upon an even keel. It wins men slowly to the grace of God; but men who come in slowly last the longest.

Keep, then, this Salt. It is an element which cannot be dispensed with if life is to be healthy. "I believe in God," said Westcott, "and believe also that He gave you with a beneficent intention the power of criticism, the salt of keeping sane." Maintain this wise reserve, for Jesus never wore His Sacred Heart upon His Holy Sleeve, but kept It where God meant It to remain, until the spear should find it for us all.

TUBBY.

## FORESEEING TOC H

*In the foregoing article Tubby refers to ARCHIE TURNER's war-time dream of a "Club for the Promotion of True Hilarity"—in some ways a prophecy of Toc H to which his brilliant mind, lively fancy and Christian sanity would surely have contributed much, had he lived to help it. Older readers may remember that the draft 'prospectus' of this Club was printed in the special number of The Challenge of June 21, 1922 for which Toc H was responsible and reprinted in the JOURNAL of August, 1924. It seems only right that more recent members should have the benefit of so lively an inspiration, and we therefore print it here again.*

*A fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, ARCHIE TURNER, enlisted at the outbreak of war and was killed in the ranks on the Somme in 1916. Shortly before his death he wrote a characteristic letter from France to his brother, and accompanied it with the rough draft of a pamphlet about his "Proposed Club." First we print the letter itself, full of the queer, well-remembered phrases of the living man. Readers will here discover the actual origin of the use of the words 'bloke' and 'blokage,' now often heard in Toc H all over the World. We have italicised one sentence of the letter, for it expresses admirably what should be a golden rule of Toc H.*

### The Letter

"I THINK it will be a great thing if this one of our airy inventions actually comes off. In fact, it must, and there's an end of it.

"I don't know how the Mish (*i.e.*, the National Mission) will turn out; I expect, as you say, it will produce a lot of stoutness. The really difficult thing is the unchristianity of the Church as a Society; and while that remains, its efforts to Christianize other people or 'the Nation' are fairly futile. I think the Mish will make a lot of people realise this and so may contribute towards things. But it is a real revolution and turning inside out of masses of things that must happen before we get any further. I am become more definitely revolutionary during the last six months—much. What matters is that the revolution should be a hilarious and internal one and not a grim fight about things. What I am most excited about is how to get people to believe in the possibility and the desirability of a Social Christianity; they never have believed in either. But a good wave of belief would do a lot to help things along. The Mish can't do it because it is sectarian and because the Church is socially unchristian. But it's faith and not jeremiads what are wanted. The Mish *might* help Church people to see the corporate unchristianity of the Church, and that will be a start.

"The new cottage will have to be worked in with the club and will become eventually a great resort, though I'm afraid it can't be in such a nice place—somewhere in the Chilterns, I shouldn't wonder. You see the whole thing is a regular mountain of a scheme. I hope immensely that it will work. I'm sure it's really a great invention for helping things along. Do carry it all in your mind and chew it; also catch blokage. I do want it really to happen and to grow into something. It seems to me to be a real practical kind of Utopianism and something that our grandchildren might bless. Not that I want to flourish it about or to set up for reforming the world with it, but to build up an atmosphere (if you can build atmosphere) of friendship and understanding and belief in things. It will be strenuous work at the back of it all; there will be a lot of hideosity about in the world, I imagine; but I don't doubt that it can be done and is a real mission for them what catches on to the old thing. It seems to put a real hat on all the boggelage which I have boggled during the last three years or so, so that's a blooming effusion anyhow. The thought of it has really made me feel quite new, and newage is badly wanted in these days of extreme mouldiness.

"I think the club will be a great thing for — who can't get excited about pious things, and was never meant to live in an abode of piosity or to fuss about with such things. Not but what she will undoubtedly survive it all. But one sees it's all rather a strain. Comes of living in remote places like that, of course; it's dreadful, the remoteness from blokeage; but the club will improve that.

"It's extraordinary how all the business makes one realise the value of blokes. To think of things is mouldier and mouldier, but to think of blokes is continually reviving. Let's hope it will be a permanent sort of change in people's state of mind. If only that rotten commercialism doesn't do a burst afterwards and swallow it all. That'll be the egg! *If there could only get an idea about that it would be a good thing to be poor in things and excel in blokeage.*

"Can you excogitate a name for the club when you have nothing to do?"

*And now follows the draft of the pamphlet itself, entitled:—*

### A Proposed Club for the Promotion of True Hilarity

The importance and the true nature of hilarity are too much neglected in the world, both by those who want to reform it and by those who desire to make money out of it. Those who want to make money out of it are naturally self-interested also in their recreations; but before any suggestion of self-interest hilarity creeps away, and unnatural conventions amble in with eccentricities hurrying after. Those who want to reform it become one-eyed and see only the mess which they want to sweep away, and cannot let go for a moment of their patent brooms; but before this one-eyedness again hilarity creeps away, and a forceful heartiness comes rolling in like a curate at a children's party.

Both these forms of pursuit—the desire to make money out of the world and the desire to reform it—thrive in a world which is hemmed in by the fences of conventional thoughts and purposes; and the laboured excitements which are hatched by their followers are a part of the same world. People have divided it into two compartments, and called one work and the other recreation, so that they could fly to each in turn to escape from the other. And this disjointed whole goes round with the creaking and clanking of much machinery.

The fundamental difference between these things and true hilarity is that hilarity is free and owes its existence to the unrestricted imagination of people bound together simply by a common and charitable humanity. Hilarity thrives at the meeting of many. It vanishes before any suggestion of self-interest or conventionality or enforced merriment. All these things are unnatural and hilarity only asks for naturalness.

True hilarity creeps into the sources of our energies and causes them to effervesce with content. It airs and unclogs the brain and looses the great force of imagination, which at once enables a man to see what is true and to do what is good.

But the world is so full of stuffiness that in its business and solitude hilarity is often hard to come by. And the places where it should be found are too much invaded by those whom self-interest has paralysed æsthetically, and who fill the air with dreariness and not seldom with ugliness.

Somehow the world has got to be re-made. But it will all depend upon whether people will build it up with hilarity instead of trying to patch it together with some

kind of mechanical patent glue. There are lots of excellent and busy organisations for re-making it, and there will be a hundred more. But the thought of them is full of hurry and tiredness. There are quantities of conferences and meetings. But conferences are specialised and mostly religious in an alarming degree. All these things in themselves are apt to be one-eyed and rather tight. Both those who take part in them and those who do not are in need of something less specialised, which will fill them with the refreshment and open-eyedness of hilarity as they go about their pursuits.

It is therefore proposed to start a club for the purpose of promoting true hilarity for all such as are well disposed. Not an association to make people hilarious, but a club where hilarity will grow naturally. Such a club will help more than any amount of organisations and conferences to dispel the fog which hangs about these things. It will be a place where people can behold one another and realise that they are all alive. Also they will eat together, and the satisfaction of eating is no small matter to the soul.

This club will be a club and not an association. It will organise nothing outside itself, and nothing inside itself that can interfere with the freedom of hilarity. Its atmosphere will be one of refreshment; that is to say, it will be full of the things which will give the world its real form and colour. Both play and work are arts and industries, and the inspiration of hilarity is necessary to them both, to give them their true liveliness and proportion, and to prevent them from wandering off by themselves into separate ruts. In this club members will have opportunities for introducing all their lively and natural interests. Those who are artists will hang their pictures on the walls,\* and those who are craftsmen will exhibit their handicraft; and the other members will buy these things. Musicians will hold concerts; and the drama might give its contribution. Also there will be discussions on the things that make life worth living; and those who are doing things to let life and air into the common life will be invited to give an account of themselves.

All these things will be there; but no one will be compelled to attend to them. The club will not frighten people by wearing a religious or æsthetic or Bohemian dress; it will not tire them by appearing a ceaseless engine of reformation.

There will be no element of specialisation in this club. It will be both for men and women. It will try to be a meeting-place for all the agencies for bringing vivacity and imagination into the world, so that in their fellowship they may strengthen one another. All one-eyed kinds of specialists will be excluded, unless they can scrape off their one-eyedness on the doormat outside; such persons are intellectual acrobats, doctrinaires of all kinds, sectarians, party politicians, success-seekers, and commercial travellers in patent reforms.

The arranged activities which take place inside the club will be such as grow naturally out of the meeting of people. But the main thing will always be that people shall have a place of recreation and refreshment, where the atmosphere will not be merely conducive to heavy sleep in easy chairs (not that sleep will be either forbidden or made impossible), but where they may breathe the open air of God's wide and varied world instead of the oppressive stuffiness of men's factories and reformatories.

\* There will be a humane censorship on all these things.



The internal arrangements of the club will obviously have to depend upon financial and other things. It should have at least four main sitting rooms: a common room (smoking), a drawing room for women members only, a smoking room for men only and a library; one or two dining rooms; a large room for meetings, concerts, &c.; a fair number of small rooms for private parties, games, and such things; a music room (out of hearing); and some bedrooms. It will depend on the number of members and the amount of the subscription which they are willing to pay. There should be an equal number of each sex; and the subscription should be kept as low as possible, not more than £4 a year.

The club clearly cannot be started till after the war. It is proposed in the meanwhile to collect names of those who would join, and when a sufficient number of members seems to be forthcoming, to take what preliminary steps are needed for putting out a definite scheme.

The club will have to be in a central part of London. Somewhere in the more accessible part of Bloomsbury is suggested, or the Adelphi.

If you would like to join (provisionally) in the starting of such a club, you are asked to send your name to the person from whom you receive this invitation, saying what maximum subscription and entrance fee you would be prepared to pay. Also you may send the names of any friends to whom you would like an invitation to be sent.

March, 1916.

A. C. T.

## TEAM GAMES

*The excellent course of five Wednesday evenings on "The Use of Leisure," arranged by Toc H London at 42, Trinity Square, has been very fully attended. Unfortunately, it has not been possible to record all the talks, but we hope to give a brief impression of the whole series in next month's JOURNAL. Meanwhile, we are glad to be able to publish, in slightly abbreviated form, the talk given on Wednesday, October 18, by Sir NOEL CURTIS-BENNETT, one of the founders of the National Playing Fields Association.*

I AM going to ask you to allow me to put the widest possible interpretation on the word "leisure," and to understand it as comprising all the time that we spend in doing the things we want to do and not the things that we have to do. The things we have to do include, principally, sleeping and eating and finding the means to obtain our food and shelter and to protect ourselves against our enemies. As you will observe, these are precisely the things to which the lower animals devote most of their time, and, unfortunately, perhaps, they are the things to which the human animal has still to devote an inordinately large portion of his time. For possibly we have not advanced quite so far beyond the animal state of existence as in our most complacent moments we like to imagine!

There are, broadly speaking, four main uses to which leisure may be devoted. The first is idleness, which may take many shapes, from loafing at street corners to drinking at bars. The second may be described as entertainment. The third is some form of physical recreation or sport, and the fourth is intellectual self-improvement. Not even the first of these uses of leisure is to be wholly decried.



Any may be abused by excess. It is a quite reasonable attitude for a man after his day's work; he wants to relax and do nothing. In the words of the old villager: "Sometimes I sits and thinks, and sometimes I just sits." It is perfectly reasonable, too, for a worker to say that after his toil is finished he prefers to take his pleasure at the theatre or listening to vaudeville on the radio, or else to watch other people play games. He has no desire to exercise his brain or his body, which he already exercises sufficiently during the day. At the same time, both from his own point of view, from the standpoint of his employer and of the community, he would probably be best using his leisure if he spent part of it in healthy exercises such as games and sports, and part of it in developing his mind. Ideally, therefore, our leisure is best spent by devoting it in reasonable proportions to idleness, entertainment, physical recreation and intellectual pursuits.

The National Playing Fields Association, with whose work I have been specially connected, is concerned with the development of one of the wise uses of leisure, namely, the opportunities it affords for health-giving outdoor recreation. For many years, men and women interested in social welfare had been concerned to see what little had been done to grapple with the problem. Towns were acting as a magnet to rural workers and swiftly grew in population and size as people drifted from the villages and agriculture decayed. The industrial revolution and the opportunities it provided for securing wealth and power had absorbed men's minds, and the only things that seemed to matter were that town dwellers should have work to do and a roof of some kind to cover their heads. It was immaterial if they lived in squalid, unhealthful and overcrowded conditions, and the idea that life was a time for work and work alone died slowly.

#### The Dearth and the Cost of Playing Fields

So serious had the position become that in 1925, when the National Playing Fields Association was formed, careful inquiries showed that in 94 large towns (excluding London) in 31 counties (which towns had a total combined population of 7,161,180), the average facilities for public recreation were:—

1 Public Football Ground	- - -	for every 8,110 persons
1 Public Cricket Ground	- - -	„ 11,550 „
1 Public Tennis Court	- - -	„ 6,162 „
1 Public Children's Playground	- - -	„ 11,263 „

The National Playing Fields Association was formed because it was felt that the time had come for a concerted effort to secure for all the right and opportunity to play. It was realized that a definite organisation was required to direct attention to the importance of providing each local community throughout the land with reasonable recreational facilities. It was obvious that local opinion was generally non-existent or dormant. It needed a stimulus to make itself heard and felt. What was in mind was the formation of a voluntary organization entirely independent of party politics; an organization which would attract the support of sportsmen of the country and of all who were interested in the social well-being of the people.

Our greatest problem, of course, is to secure the necessary spaces for the playing of games. Towns spread so rapidly that unless the needs of the community are anticipated, land reaches a prohibitive price or all suitable sites have been acquired

for building development before the situation is realized. It is then too late to take effective action. It may be hoped that with development of town planning on wise lines proper provision will be made for the recreational needs of each community. The right step is clearly to have the grounds ready before the expected population arrives. Wise planning will see that this is done and it is now being done by many of our growing cities. In this connection the National Playing Fields Association arranged, as an object lesson, when the London County Council recently bought a large area of rural land as a site for the erection of houses to accommodate a new town of 50,000 inhabitants, that 250 acres should be secured for playing fields. That provision has cost £100,000, but it has ensured that the new population will find ready for use a sufficient supply of open spaces.

The playing field problem has come into special prominence owing to the great increase in street accidents, due to the rapid growth of motor traffic. Many of these accidents occur because children will inevitably follow a natural instinct to play in the roads. Last year 181,000 persons were killed or injured by vehicles in Great Britain. Playgrounds must be provided and equipped if only as a means of saving child life. Much attention is therefore being paid by the Board of Education and local Education Authorities to the provision and management of school playing fields. No new schools are permitted to be built in many counties without a proper playground and the State makes grants of 25 per cent. of the cost.

#### The Value of Team Games

This development has brought into prominence the practical advantages of organizing the physical exercises of children on what is known as the team system. This enables greater variety in the direction of recreative exercises and games, and children are assured of more practice and supervision in their games. Moreover, team work makes for quickness, order and efficiency and a sense of healthy rivalry and emulation which children are ready to appreciate and develop. The normal Englishman realizes to the full the value of the playing of such games in the formation of character. He believes wholeheartedly in their mellowing and broadening effect on the lives of all who take part in them. "It is not cricket," is an everyday saying used to express disapproval of the man who does not play the game of life in accordance with the canons of fair play and of recognition of the fact that each individual is a member of a single community.

We are, as a nation, lovers of games and sports and we have taught the world to play games. Unfortunately, with the rapid growth of cities which are covering more and more open spaces with bricks and concrete, we are in danger of becoming a nation of games-watchers rather than games-players. Every Saturday afternoon throughout the year many hundreds of thousands of our young people, who would be better employed if they themselves were playing games or running races, may be found looking on as 'fans' at football matches in the winter and cricket matches in the summer. To a large extent this is inevitable and it is an occupation for one's leisure time by no means to be despised. It is an elemental part of human nature to enjoy a contest, and it is far better that Anglo-Saxon crowds should watch sporting encounters of this kind than that they should attend gladiatorial contests or bull-fights or some of the barbarous sports enjoyed by their

ancestors. But indubitably it would be better if they were actors than spectators, and if we could multiply the number of our playing fields ten times we should have ten times as many players and the crowds of onlookers would be reduced.

### Three Good Factors

There are, at present, two main influences in Great Britain which make for an increase in the number of games players. One is the National Playing Fields Association which, in the past years, has acquired many hundreds of acres of land and turned them into playing fields. The other is the growing realization among business firms that the welfare of their workers must be one of their first considerations, not only from the humanitarian point of view, but equally from the business point of view. Firms in all parts of the country provide well-equipped sports grounds for the use of their employees and in most cases pay the salary of a general secretary and of a ground staff. These grounds are generally provided for the exclusive use of the firm's workers who are occasionally allowed to admit their friends to membership. Recently a movement has been started—and I think it is likely to make great progress—to extend the use of these grounds so that, instead of lying idle throughout the week until the week-ends, they may be made available for a greater number of people and more particularly for school children whose outdoor recreation is often confined to the concrete-covered playgrounds attached to their schools. Practically all the big firms in the country have sports grounds of this kind, and in the case of the colliery industry special action has been taken. Under an Act of Parliament there is a levy of twopence a ton on all coal raised, and four-fifths of it has to be spent in the district which contributes the money on recreation, health, education and research.

There is a third factor which may be mentioned here. The introduction of summer time, which twenty years ago was regarded as calendar reform is regarded to-day—as a fantastic and almost cranky idea—has been instrumental in multiplying a hundredfold the number of persons playing the national summer games, and especially lawn tennis, during the summer months. One result of the vastly increased popularity of lawn tennis has been that the parks in our cities, which were formerly used mainly as promenades, now provide thousands of lawn tennis courts for the health and enjoyment of young workers.

### The Call for Voluntary Service

Another point I would make follows from what I have said. The time which we have for recreation is the time in which we are free to develop our special tastes, unconstrained by conditions imposed by the nature of our daily work. The service that can be given in connection with recreation is important if, but only if, it helps us to develop our capacities. In other words, it must concern itself with *quality*. If we can help in a children's play centre we must aim at teaching the children how to make the best of that instinct for play which is a child's birthright, and teach the first lessons in how to "play the game." Similarly, if we would help older working boys and girls in the hours they have free for recreation, we must not be content merely to "keep them off the streets." The club, if we run one, must seek to prove by the range and interest of its activities that there are many ways in which true

recreation can be found if all the time we are striving for quality. The third point I would make is again related to the foregoing considerations. If we regard recreation from the point of view that I have suggested, we must be continually on our guard against the tendency to fall into settled ways, must persistently search for new ideas and be ready to try out fresh methods. In this field of service above all others there is need of imagination and enterprise.

I would suggest to you that we who are anxious to devote voluntary service to the attempt to ensure that a constructive use may be made of that all-important leisure time should not seek merely to counter tastes of which we disapprove, but should rather seek to turn them to good account. To me it seems likely that more and more recreation will come to be regarded as the most important field for constructive voluntary service. For the mechanization of industry is likely to go much further yet and to be followed by two consequences that are both important in the connection we are discussing. In the first place, it will tend to reduce, for large numbers of people, scope for developing through their work the varied powers they possess. More and more industrial employment is likely to be largely a matter of routine and repetition needing certain high qualities of self-discipline and skill that are by no means to be despised, but yet are limited and restricted in their range. More and more, therefore, those who are employed in a modern and fully mechanized industry must find scope for the all-round development of their faculties largely in the hours available for recreation. And that leads me to the second consideration, which is likely to lend increasing importance to this question of recreation. There seems little doubt that as command of mechanical process is developed, as our understanding of economic forces grows and the organization of production and distribution is perfected, the hours of work will be progressively reduced and the hours available for recreation will correspondingly increase.

Personally, I should not look forward with any satisfaction to the four-hour working day that some economists prophesy. I am old fashioned enough to believe that a man's chief happiness is, and should be, based on the knowledge of work well done, and to feel his work should be the major interest of his life. But that does not hinder my desire to see the hours of routine work reduced to reasonable proportions, nor blind me to the fact that already they have been so reduced that leisure time has vastly increased in importance. I hope that for many who have still too little time for recreation, they will be shortened, for I would look forward to a day when we shall all have opportunity to develop in the hours of our complete freedom those tastes and energies which find their expression in recreative activities.

No man in the country is a better 'neighbour' than the Heir to the Throne. I don't think we can too often remind ourselves that neighbourliness, friendship and comradeship are the basis of all welfare work. They are the acid test of all that you do. The Prince of Wales has shown us how to win friendship—it does not come by fine words. You must attain it by your own efforts to understand your fellow men—you must gain it by sharing their interests, by learning something of their home conditions, the difficulties of their employment and their personal problems. And the "team" spirit, learnt in organised games, teaches this far quicker and better than anything else.

## The Need for Training

May I speak also for a moment of fitness for leadership? I am a stranger amongst you, and therefore if I speak bluntly you will know there is nothing personal in my remarks. It has been said, "Who leads fit boys should himself be fit"; I believe this is fundamentally true. You cannot escape from the fact that the boy takes you as an example. Your habits will influence him, whether you like it or not. If your methods are careless and inefficient, you will tend to make him careless and inefficient. You cannot preach physical fitness if you do not set him a personal example of being fit. It is sometimes a good thing to look at things in their simplest form. The idea of doing things together gives us the key to the method. The leader should not only be a leader, but a member of the team, and he must be a fit member of the team. But I think this idea of fitness must go further. You must be mentally fit and alert. Your mind **must** be fresh. If you allow your work to fall into a groove you will become as a blinded thing. The joy will go out of what you do; it will lose its savour and its driving force. I am a little impatient of the idea of Social Service as giving up so much time to the Club or Scout Troop, or whatever it may be. You cannot give anything unless you have fitted yourself to give. It is no use drawing a cheque on a bankrupt account. If you give, give generously. Learn your job, equip yourself with all the knowledge you can get. But at the same time, do not get stale; you can serve best if you develop your own personality, if you keep abreast of modern thought. Your work, well done, will spread its influence far beyond your own district. Little fires kindled here and there and fanned by the breath of faith can set the whole kingdom ablaze. You here to-night are makers of men and the country desperately needs the best men you can give it. Remember that there is a life apart from work and apart from play; yes, there is a life where man can play and not know staleness, a life where man can work and not be tired. It is the life of devotion and duty, the life of selfless sacrifice to the ideal of humanity.

I believe mankind is on the threshold of spiritual as well as material greatness; therefore, it is natural to turn to *Youth* and ask it to recognise that, in due time, the work of the world will be placed on its shoulders for it to carry. Let Youth feel its young energy and know that it needs action and that it is not intended that it shall always be a spectator of life. Let Youth come forward now and test itself, remembering that nothing which is really worth while having is easy to win.

Remember that the hardest enemy to beat will be Indifference. There are far too many of us who treat the affairs of our country as though we were watching something on the screen from a comfortable seat in the cinema. But the affairs of public life are very much *your* affairs. It is yours to ask why, and how and when. Let the world know that you are asking these questions and mean to find out the answers. Thrust aside and trample down the barriers of apathy and boredom as a man impatient to be about his business.

To-day, as never before, it is our opportunity to rise, bonded in a universal service of teaching the world a new courage, that "lovely virtue," as Sir James Barrie calls it, a courage which will dare to lay down the weapons of hate and make the world abound only with faith and trust and simple belief in mankind.

N. C.-B.

## SAID KHAN'S BURJ

*The article below was "written in the bumpy trains of India" for the JOURNAL by Major A. E. W. SALT, Chief Education Officer of the Northern Command in India, whose service in Toc H many members at home will recall in the days when he was at Aldershot, at York or at the War Office.*

ON the edge of the city of Peshawar—"the Tom Tiddler's Ground of hereditary raiders"—is an octagonal Mogul tower, dating from the reign of Shah Jehan and known locally as Said Khan's Burj. In every raid on the "coveted city" during the last three hundred years through the wild gorges of the Khyber it has stood firm and immovable within its garden, in which at one time four broad alleys with marble-paved canals and fountains, lined with cypresses—"a paradise snow"—radiated from its four points of the compass. In the middle of the last century, during the closing years of the Sikh occupation of Peshawar, the tower became the first headquarters of a famous regiment, the Queen's Own Corps of Guides. Later, when the Guides moved to their present depôt at Hoti Mardan in the Yusufzai country, it was turned into a small-pox hospital and gained an unsavoury reputation as a haunted building. In 1904, when a Mission Hospital was being erected in the grounds below, the Burj was being used as a shrine by the local Mohammedan community, who used to burn their little earthen lamps within its walls to win favour both with their god and with the spirits of the departed, but was taken over by the hospital authorities and converted into a storeroom. Finally, six years ago, it became the 'powerhouse' of the hospital, dedicated to Christian service.

Now, where once a Mogul lord held high revel, where of old the walls echoed and re-echoed to the sound of shot and clash of arms, where British soldiers sat to plot the capture of bandit and brigand, is now a chapel lit with oriental copper lamps and with a brass cross on its communion table of Kashmiri work, which, when the lights are on, can be seen from the hospital gates shining out over the wards.

### A Lamp Alight

In one corner of the many-cornered chapel is another small Communion table on which is a bronze "Lamp of Remembrance" given by Mrs. Starr, who is best known as the rescuer of Mollie Ellis from her Afridi captors and whose husband, Dr. Starr, doctor of the hospital, died on the verandah of the bungalow, not fifty yards away, at the hands of the very folk he came to serve.

This Lamp is dedicated to the memory of "Those who have fought the good fight on the North-West Frontier and who shall by their life and example bring peace to the Frontier," to Dr. Starr himself, to Yakir Bakiya, first of few African converts, to Herbert Edwardes, first Commissioner of Peshawar and the originator of its Christian mission work, to Napier of Magdala, first "Warden of the Frontier Marches," to the Lumsdens—Peter and Harry, to John Nicholson, hurrying with a flying column to Delhi to save India and deified after his death by the Punjabi ryot, to Henry Havelock, inspiring his brother officers to hold on to Jalalabad, to Conolly and Stoddart, refusing to say the "*Kalima*" and meeting their end, bravely and alone, in the market-place of far Bokhara, and, last not least, to Subadar Dilawar Khan, of the Guides, great soldier and great Christian, dying—faithful to his salt—on a secret mission amid the snows of Chitral.

And to all those who worship here and remember is given what must be in the annals of Toc H one of its most remarkable documents—the words of our Service of Initiation, of our Ceremony of Light and of a Toc H Prayer—in Roman Urdu :

*The Ceremony of Initiation.*

SAWAL : Yeh kiya hai?

JAWAB : Yadgar ka chiragh.

SAWAL : Kis chiz ne pahle usko roshan kiya?

JAWAB : Khudinkari ki qurbani ne.

SAWAL : Khidmat kia hai?

JAWAB : Is dunya ke rahne ka muawiza hai.

*The Ceremony of Light.*

SAWAL : Ham bari shukarguzari ke sath apne buzurg Bhaion ko yad Karen. Wuh humari tareh, jo piche rah gaye hain, burhe nahin hote. Umar se unko hargiz thakan na hoga. Suraj ke gharub hote hue aur subhe ke waqt ham unko hamesha yad rakhenge.

JAWAB : Ham unko yad rakhenge.

*(Ek minat ke liye khamoshi ki dua).*

SAWAL : Hamari roshni admion ke samne is tareh chamke taki hamare nek kam dikhai den.

JAWAB : Aur hamare Bap ki, jo asman par hai, sitaish ho.

*A Toc H Prayer.*

Ai khuda, teri nazar men tere muqadason ka marna thik aur beshqimat hai; ham unki, jo teri khidmat men rehlat kar gae hain, muhabbat, dilawari aur sargarmi ka shukar karte hain. Ham unko teri purfazzl hifazat ke supurd karte hain taki wuh nek kam jo unhon ne shuru kiya khudawand Masih ke ane ke din tak mukammal ho. Ham teri minnat karte hain kih unki mihnmat aur mushaqat aur janisseries befaida na ho, balki unki sargarmi ki ruh ham men aur anewali pusht men bhi paida ho jae, taki sachai, muhabbat aur makhlasi tamam ru-i-duniya men teri badshahi ke ane se peshtar phail jae. Hamare mukhlasi khudawand Yesu Masih ki qudrat se. Amin.

*A Christian Outpost*

In the grounds below the Burj is the most amazing witness to all that Toc H means. Peshawar is only 190 miles east of Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, where according to the Kabulis, Satan, when cast out of heaven, fell. For though Kabul itself is, in the words of the Emperor Baber, written in 1515 or thereabouts, "extremely delightful, like no other place in the known world, with its verdure and flowers in spring a heaven on earth," and Afghanistan itself is a smiling land, Satan, with his weapons of lust, oppression and crime, still dwells therein.

And, of its tens of thousands of folk—sallow Mongolians with long, melancholy moustaches and slant eyes, highlanders from Bactria with wide, cheerful faces, great-limbed men of the Russian border, men of the steppes, mountains and plains, each with his rifle across his shoulder—who find their way to Peshawar through the gloomy defiles of the Frontier from "Samarkand, Bokhara and lean Khiva of the waste," very many of the sick and wounded come to an Afghan Mission Hospital, such as that below Said Khan's Burj, at the mouth of one of the five historic passes that lead from North-West India into Central Asia.



These hospitals are not hospitals that make converts. It is almost impossible to imagine an Afghan, even less a border tribesman, a Christian. Christianity would mean isolation, poverty, complete loss of kith and kin, probably death. But there are talks in the hospitals on the life and work of the Good Physician and the Good Physician, surely, does not leave the patients even when they return through the sombre gates to their own hills. They are interesting patients in very truth, as three cases will suffice to show. Indeed, a walk with Reginald Cox (incidentally, Secretary of our Toc H North-West Regional Council) is the best introduction one can desire to the book of human suffering and human endurance and human cruelty. The old grey-bearded man in the picture on Plate XXXV was a patient, shot through the knee. His story is typical of a frontier on which "village children are taught never to walk in the middle of the road, but to walk stealthily under cover, and where even cattle, by instinct, follow their example." One day our friend was out for a walk when he met an acquaintance stalking his enemy. He was asked to join the "shoot" but refused, whereupon his friend shot him in the most common target, the knee. Four months later he came down to hospital for treatment, for the removal of dead bone and filth and dirty bits of bloodstained pyjama. And then he was cured—and then, though offered £100, he went back firm in revengeful determination to kill at least three of the family of his "friend."

A girl of twelve leaves the hospital with one leg six inches shorter than the other. She fell and hurt her knee, and a "*hakim*"—a so-called doctor—was called in. Tying a puggaree tightly round her leg, he pulled, first one way and then another, until at last he dislocated her hip and broke her thigh. After some months, the headman—the "*malik*" of the village—advised her being taken down to the Mission Hospital, and so it was. The last case is that of a woman with two inches of dead bone protruding from a wound in her cheek. "I had the toothache and my husband borrowed something and pulled very hard—but I still had the toothache."

#### In Defence of Missions

I have been a scoffer at Missions for many years. If I am so no longer, it is the Afghan Mission Hospital that has worked the cure. In the whole of Afghanistan, a country double the size of the British Isles and with a population of over 12,000,000, there is little or no medical aid for the suffering except that which is provided by the Hospital; in the tribal area between the North-West Frontier and the Durand Line, with 150,000 fighting men, there is no hospital or medical relief; in Peshawar of 95,000 folk, only the Government Hospital shares the healing work. Now I believe, not only because of these facts, but because I know that there can scarcely be, the world over, any place which loves so widely, which serves so faithfully, which endures so bravely, and which sees so little outward result for its love and service and patience as the Afghan Mission Hospital; that there can scarcely be any better work than the help which Toc H (Peshawar) gives to the hospital—in mending tables, in typing letters, in providing the services of an honorary dentist and in a hundred other ways; because I believe that there can scarcely be any chapel in which our beloved Prayer is prayed each day with greater reality, or our beloved Lamp a truer sign of work for others than in the old Mogul Tower in the city of Peshawar, which was once Said Khan's Burj.

A. E. W. S.



1. Victims of the 'Blood Feud'; 2. Said Khan's Burj; 3. Dr. R. J. H. Cox on his morning round; 4. A Pathan 'sniper' (Photo. by R. B. Holmes, Peshawar); 5. An Afghan Pass—Inset, the arms of the North West Frontier Province (a fort at the entrance of one of the passes, with the Crescent of Islam above); 6. The Pathan who would be avenged, arriving at the Hospital.



*"The world is not yet able to appreciate the Unknown Soldier's beneficial legacy. But the Unknown learnt patience for four long years, and he can wait his verdict. He has done good; it will be proved concerning him, and Toc H has its part to play in evidence" (p. 358).*

*This photograph of one of Mr. Jagger's noble bronze figures on the Royal Artillery Memorial at Hyde Park Corner, with the 'Victory Arch' in the background, was taken by Horace W. Nichols and is his copyright.*

## A LEGACY POSTPONED

*Some Armistice thoughts for Toc H in 1933.*

THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR in Westminster bears on his simple stone a text, which is not only very perfect English; it is prophecy of dual benefaction:—"They buried him among the Kings, because he had done good towards God and towards His House."

When this great text was chosen, England at least believed that the Cause for which the Unknown had died was not unworthy. Since then, fifteen years have passed. They have been sown, by no means secretly, with the tares of disillusionment. The good seed, Hope, has been choked almost to extinction. Only in one outstanding instance, a good dream born within the nightmare of the fiercest carnage, has been steadily coming true. Toc H has come to be. The larger dreams are tardy in fulfilment. Ideals find Europe rather bitter soil.

Now the text chosen by the British Empire for the grave of the Unknown is both a statement and a prophecy. The statement is that the man did good by dying; and in that he is representative, the implication stands that all the million who died did good. Then mark the force of it. The words are not "did well," that is, died nobly; but "did good"—an actual benefit. But benefit to whom? Here the text is most startling. "Did good to God"!

Imagine the amazement of the Unknown Soldier, if on some desperate day, with everything as bad as it could be, he had been told not only that he was to lie entombed among the Kings, but that his death would work God's benefit! He would say with sardonic brevity, "Who are you getting at, Mate?" And you would feel dissolved, disposed of, emptied of your visionary certainties. But one word in his sentence would, when you thought it over, re-inspire you. He called you "mate," or, just as likely, "chum." He did not call you "stranger," nor did he think of you as needing his suspicion. You were both on the same side in this rough game of war. That was enough for him. Nothing else mattered. Members of the same team united by a common bond of service, you were his "mate," his "chum"—words he employed to speak of his blood-brothers in the platoon.

In this one word, used thus proleptically, he admitted you with surly kindness to the outer court of his friendship. He knew you meant to cheer him, however inapt and inappropriate your first remark had been. You meant to praise his purpose. At worst you meant no harm. You were not sneering at him. He responded. "Mate"!—in the single word thus used without hypocrisy, he was already benefiting God by adding to the goodwill among men. "Henceforth I call you not servants," said the Divine Companion, "but my friends." The Unknown, touched with his poor share of sacrifice, called you, a stranger, "chum."

This was the spirit born and never broken in the old Talbot House in Poperinghe. Here, men, whoever they might be, stepped through an open doorway, perhaps for curiosity or boredom, and found—if they found anything at all—a house where men were honoured and looked up to, relied upon to be the best they could be. God himself justifies man's character by anticipation of an excellence not seen as

yet by any eyes save those of Divine love; and the delight of working under God is that men constantly surprise you with their virtues. You mean to teach them morals, to begin with; you find they will willingly dress up and strut about as monsters of iniquity, thinking that they will disappoint you by their decency. You think them hard; and then discover accidentally some secret sacrifice that they have made. You think them atheist through lack of worship, and then—I am thinking of an Army doctor—you find that he cannot trust himself to worship publicly, in case he breaks down through some old loving memory like a wound reopening. God is in men, not only in Our Lord, but in poor ignorant and soul-starved men, reconciling the world to Himself and claiming as His own friends and disciples many whom we regard as castaways.

Even the Athanasian document, which never was a Creed, and never could be, admits that doing good is necessary to salvation. Do evil, and no matter how precise your orthodoxy, you will be for the fire. Do God's work—which is calling strangers "chum"—and you begin to give yourself to the Christian doctrine.

What of the love required towards God, with heart and soul and strength? The British are the shyest and the most inexpressive of all manly lovers. They are suspicious of 'declarations'; for in games—and games are the only things which Britain understands—'declarations' are the way a hand of cards begins, or the cloak to the tail of a cricket team. The man who insists on protesting that he loves God, does God small service in the English eyes. The English may still be Protestant, but they never trust men's protestations; nor yet does the New Testament. They double-lock the safe under the menace of a visitor who claims complete salvation. Love that will last is moderate and thoughtful. So only is it constant, as in a wholesome family.

Now men who came to know old Talbot House discovered that structurally the Upper Room ran the whole length and breadth of it, "obtruding upon no one, yet dominating all" of its activities. Everything that went on inside the four walls of the House itself was under some or other portion of Christ's chamber. Whether you played or read, wrote or sang, or slept, you found upstairs that there was some analogy within the Presence chamber. The staircases of the House led upward to the ladder, which climbed out by the Font. The letter-writing went on in the room beneath the Epistle end of the Carpenter's Bench. The Gospeller stood up to read above the door which cried "All rank abandon." Men, sleeping upon stretchers, dreamt of home exactly underneath the open space, where the Lord moved among the candlesticks, bestowing the children's Bread of Immortality. It may be that this mere structural feature of the Old House suggests the line of progress to be pursued. A revival is of little use without a renaissance—a true re-birth—of national energies.

The unknown writer to the Hebrews emphasises the symbolic fact that Christ is over the whole household. This was profoundly true of the old Talbot House, as the men found, and built, its atmosphere. Even the Altar stood between two chimneys rising from homely hearths in rooms beneath. Men, born to trouble as these men found themselves, are as sparks flying upwards. Upward in Talbot House brought them close indeed to One Whom troubles never terrified.

But has the Unknown Man done good towards his God in ways that can be measured? Surely we must have patience. War is the roughest form of surgery, and convalescence is extremely tedious. It is only after convalescence that the benefit for which pain was incurred becomes apparent; then, and not till then, revival can be seen in actuality. But are there any signs? The very word Revival has had, of recent years, too narrow a meaning. The full sweep of a movement of the Spirit cannot properly be limited to Church life. To-day Church life is mainly in the hands of a small coterie of earnest people. Noble as is their influence, the Unknown plainly did not die to fill the Churches. Churches are now but rarely filled at all, yet they need not lose heart. Their time will come again. It is not Atheism which has emptied them, but rather other more attractive modes of travelling towards man's Destination. Churches, like trains, still run; though both have had a loss of patronage, especially in fine weather. People like steering their own course and stopping when they wish, and handling their own vehicle; but when the winter comes, or when men grow wise and tired, Churches and trains come into their own again.

The new life for which the Unknown Man laid down his own, is to be wider far than Church life only. God is not only the devoted Churchman; God is the Father of mankind, with all the implications of that Fatherhood; and every man's business is, when thus conceived, a Divine calling. The business must be honest in itself, and honestly conducted. In Suffolk, they speak slyly of a man retired from business as an 'upright' man. There is a sting in this. God wants His people housed, and clothed, and fed; He wants their minds improved, their moods uplifted, their pain relieved, their fellowships made stronger. In other words, God cannot be content to be relieved of the main thrust of His responsibility towards the working world and all its pernicky problems. Therefore, revival in His sight must always carry with it a renaissance, which can spread out and out into all arid fields.

Back in the Eighteenth Century few men would have believed that names they knew as 'great' would now be half forgotten; but Wesley's name goes on, because it is far more than a mere name. The spring which he released is still expanding. The Unknown Man may grow into like fame; for when a new motive power becomes intelligible, and slowly operative, people will look back to find out whence it came.

Forty-two years ago, a man of European parentage was idly watching a long drying line hung in the garden of a lodging-house in a small town in the United States. He noticed that the clothes hung out to dry returned to the perpendicular more quickly than the bed-sheets when the wind stirred among them. He wondered idly why it was that the mere clothes, being the lighter articles, obeyed the laws of Gravity more promptly. He then reflected that the wind could not reach both sides of the sheets so readily as it could pass among the smaller garments. Plainly, the side of the sheet which did not face the wind secured some secret hold upon the atmosphere. He argued on reflectively that something like a vacuum must occur, where a square sheet attempts to fall rapidly. The upper side, as the whole sheet comes down, cannot thus fall more quickly, since even Gravity cannot gainsay a vacuum. The mean backyard in which this idle lodger—whose name was Lilienthal—made these observations, ought to be known and marked as a cradle



of modern aeronautics, for it was this discovery of the vacuum created by the upper surface of a descending body which makes it possible to fly to-day. The man had no conception what miracles would flow from his small observation, yet we are now his debtors.

A poor Dutch engineer, who disappeared at sea some years ago, either by suicide or accident, was by name Diesel. Suicide was suspected, because his few friends knew that his experiments failed to win attention. To-day, the world of transport, in all spheres of land, and sea, and air, stands on the threshold of a Diesel age.

Both these men died thinking that they had failed, and men for some years afterward took this view. Yet the world knows to-day that this view was mistaken.

May it not then be true, in spite of every contradictory menace, that the Unknown beneath the slab at Westminster has indeed left a legacy of good, outlasting evil? An interval must still elapse; and intervals are extremely hard to tolerate.

Some wise bequests have a postponing clause, and cannot be enjoyed in all their fulness until the beneficiary has reached an age sufficiently controlled. Then only can we look to come into the great inheritance. The world is not yet able to appreciate the Unknown Soldier's beneficial legacy. But the Unknown learnt patience for four long years, and he can wait his verdict. He has done good; it will be proved concerning him and Toc H has its part to play in evidence. Whether that part be insignificant, or whether, in the Providence of God, this curious growth with its outrageous name is destined to contribute to Renaissance, rests between prophets—a mistaking tribe—and men whose grandfathers are now in cradles. But Toc H is itself a school of character, in which new leaders may be bred and trained. On their fidelity to the traditions established by the Lost Generation, on their capacities of thought and deed, but most of all on their godliness, depends the province of Toc H-to-be. The Golden Age is not the port we cleared from: it is below the horizon of our hopes.

TUBBY.

## *Renewal*

*Flanders fields are green now  
And Ypres is built again,  
Moorhens breed on Wytschaete Ridge  
And poppies deck the plain;  
But Toc H hoards its trophies  
From a vanished front-line trench—  
The souls of men re-fashioned  
On a crazy wooden Bench.*

F. BARRIE FLINT.



# WHAT IS WRONG WITH TOC H?

*Previous articles in this series by a North-Western member appeared in May, July and October.*

## IV.—Jobs

TO members who do not move through the world clad in the armour of an uncritical pride in Toc H, it has long been apparent that the opinions of outside people are particularly unfavourable to Toc H in this matter of jobs. On the whole, such criticism is too harsh, coming as it often does from specialists who very humanly expect Toc H to put its whole weight into their own line of Service. Yet one of the disillusionments of the man who is new to jobs is that of finding how far from broadmindedness are so many specialists whose driving force cannot be doubted. The other disillusionment, of course, is that of discovering how little relation there can be between the value of the service performed and the gratitude shown by the folk who are supposed to be benefited. Allowing for the bias of the typical critic of Toc H in relation to Jobs, however, there is still enough truth in the usual criticism to make it essential that we should continually be reviewing our position. The technical knowledge and organising ability of the average Jobmaster are, naturally, not to be compared with those of many a specialist in the main world of service. The Jobmaster is required to be an all-rounder; and, as a rule, it is not he but an over-ecstatic member who brings Toc H into disrepute by extravagant claims regarding the quality of our service.

Toc H technique is being developed at the expense of job technique. Training week-ends and the like should be extras; unfortunately, they too often take the place of worth-while jobs. The writer ventures to say that, if Toc H were to set up a sort of Gilwell of its own, at the present time, one result would be to divert an appreciable number of members from Gilwell itself.

### Work Among Boys

Toc H no longer feels the challenge of work among boys as the first charge upon its energies. We accept too easily the plea that a man is not suited to such work, although in many cases he hopes to be a father at some not too distant date. The quality of the work which Toc H is doing among boys appears to be far too low. An obvious example is the position of Toc H Rovers, who have fallen a long way from their original design as a training ground for Scouters. Running down once a week to a distant Troop which is temporarily without a Scouter is not the same thing as permanent service with a local Troop. The slum Troop whose Scouters all live in pleasant suburbs is seldom a success. To those who object that slum Troops must have Scouters, the writer would say very definitely, "Go, then, and live in the slums, for the remainder of your bachelorhood; and train up younger men to take your place when marriage moves you, not into Reserve we hope, but at any rate out of the Front Line."

In one of his little books on Lads, Canon Peter Green mentions the feature of boys' work which often makes it so disheartening, but which, rightly looked at, can ensure its ultimate success: "With grown-up people, as we all know, the

outward shell of work will survive long after the inward spirit is departed, but with boys the failure will begin to show at once, long before the time has come to cry Ichabod." Now, this is part of the value of work with boys. Over a reasonably long period, allowing for the ups and downs which are natural even in a successful Troop or Club, it is possible to measure results and eliminate unsuitable methods.

In all charity, it must be said that many members deceive not only their Jobmaster but also themselves, when they say that they have no aptitude for such work, or that they have no time for the training. A man must have a minimum of aptitude, just as the job itself must have a minimum of interest and adventure. What is often overlooked is the extent to which the very unfamiliarity of the job will supply the interest. People are constantly expressing surprise and disappointment at the high proportion of Scouters which has to be drawn from outside the ranks of Rovers and ex-Scouts. To the true Scouter, however, it is natural to find the man from outside standing only after the best products of the Movement itself. To the scarcity of men from outside is due the necessity for certain technically-proficient but comparatively spiritless youths to accept promotion to Scouter Rank as a matter of course.

One of the secrets of the success of Scouting lies in its possession of a technique and a literature of its own, which can be fused with practice as the job proceeds. The finest men from Gilwell, however, are the first to warn us of the limitations of its benefits. In passing, it may be observed that to argue from Scouting to Toc H, in justification of continuous training for Toc H, is to ignore the essential differences between boys and men; if anyone doubts this, let him make a serious study of the progress and difficulties of the Rover Movement.

#### Change from Daily Work

A man who is on his feet all day cannot be at the top of his activity in an outdoor Scouting game in the evening. A Scouter with a Troop of errand boys will appreciate at once that spare-time jobs should afford a change from daily work. In Toc H, do we too often bemuse ourselves in considering a man's temperament for a job, while thoughtlessly pushing into their niches the other men whose suitability seems obvious, from the nature of their employment? We leave our accounting and secretarial jobs largely to the bank clerks and the civil servants. An insurance agent or a commercial traveller is a tempting choice for a canvassing job. But an allocation of jobs on such a basis inevitably produces a staleness in the man who does the work, and an exaggeration of its difficulties in the minds of his fellow-members. The initial knowledge required, of course, varies with different jobs. It may be considerable, as in the case of wireless. Again, the job may be a legitimate part of another man's daily work. Leaving a hardware salesman to fix a new wash-basin has been known to cost a Mark the price of a new one, as well as the wages of the plumber who ought to have been called in at the outset. The plumber and his mate, and their counterparts, are often indispensable. If they are in Toc H, the market price for the job should still be paid. If they insist upon handing back all or part of it as a donation, such a gift should be anonymous, for obvious reasons.

In ordinary cases, however, it is necessary to consider how far immediate ease of achievement is not purchased by the sacrifice of a lasting sense of interest and adventure in the job. Even in technical matters, it is not always the most expert

who produces the finest results in the long run. Where the human element of the job is all-important, it is clear that no amount of erudition or dexterity can compensate for defects of personality.

Men must work at a certain pressure if they are to give their best service. "If you want anything done, give it to a busy man" is only a colloquial way of saying, "Hands busy, feet firm." It is true that the injunction sometimes degenerates into, "Give it to the busiest," which leads eventually to collapse or revolt. The really busy member fills in his off periods with genuine recreation, and comes to his job refreshed and unflurried. That is to say, he would do, under proper conditions. In Toc H, as it is, the writer has an uncomfortable feeling that this is the very man whom we overwork until he break downs or goes into semi-retirement.

Of the others, we have too many members who say: "I'll do a job whenever one crops up," and who are absent when it does crop up. Too many Jobmasters catch only the people who are *there*. They should go after the others, including those who are sheltering behind the home front-door, as mentioned in the last article.

### Job Surveys

Despite the complaints of some suburban units, the Jobmaster's really knotty problems are those of man-power and not those of the Job Survey. A survey of the neighbourhood should be going on all the time; and, as it will never be quite finished, it is a pity to stand out of the jobs that come first to hand. That is, if they are jobs which only young and youngish men can do, and particularly if they are regular. Even if they are not full-time, they are likely to lead to contacts with other worth-while activities.

As already pointed out, the specialists cannot be beaten on their own lines. Job-mastership can never become Jobmastery. Unfortunately, in the hands of some it becomes Jobmystery. It is quite possible for a man to be a good Jobmaster without being an authority either on map-making or on methods of card-indexing. Surveying and planning and training should not be disproportionate to the practice.

To take a man to the side of a cold bath and explain to him the theory of swimming, is to risk depriving him of most of his courage and enthusiasm before he takes the plunge. To keep a probationer away from the water until he has "learnt Toc H," and then to find that he is an excellent swimmer, is the metaphorical fate which has befallen more than one Jobmaster of the writer's acquaintance.

There have been men who were competent Wardens of Marks three months after their first contact with Toc. These are exceptional men, and such jobs are also out of the ordinary; but the main principle applies—in whatever direction Toc H may excel, it will never have a monopoly of ability to do Jobs. No amount of Surveying will turn Toc H into a super-Council of Social Service. No degree of Training will enable Toc H to supplant the organisations which use our power—a small part of the whole. Excessive attention to Surveying and Training can only impair the value of Toc H as a power-house.

F. W. M.

EDITOR'S NOTE.— This is a suitable page on which to remind readers of the publication of a useful new Toc H pamphlet on *Jobs*, which was noticed in last month's JOURNAL. It is written by G. A. L., is intended for "Jobmasters and others," and costs 3d.

## THE YARDSTICK OF MEMBERSHIP

*A talk opening the second session of the training week-end for Overseas members (Toc H and L.W.H.) at the Southern Area Festival at Oxford, on July 1 (see August JOURNAL, page 303).*

THE expression 'yardstick,' which, since the great economic depression, has figured often in the English Press, is intended, I gather, to express the idea of obtaining some common factor by which to arrive at a solution, or a road towards a solution, of a particular problem. For the purposes of this discussion I am using it to endeavour to arrive at a standard of membership of Toc H: (a) for determining a probationer's ripeness for election, (b) for a duly elected member remaining in good standing. I venture to suggest that some kind of agreed common measure by which we can determine this standard is of vital importance to Toc H in this period of its development, and the sort of standard to aim at is a matter of some contention. I was particularly moved to take this subject for our second discussion by a remark made by a member with reference to a recent joint gathering of Toc H and L.W.H.

This critic remarked that looking round the gathering there were not more than three men present who did credit to their sex, about 90 per cent. could well be classified as C3, to whom Toc H surely appeared in the light of a refuge. This may have been a harsh criticism but I fancy many of us here can recall gatherings of Toc H, and possibly L.W.H., where such a comment would not be gross exaggeration. To examine this question and to try to arrive at any sort of satisfactory standard we must first come to some agreement as to what Toc H exists for. I do not want here to overlap in any way with our third discussion to-morrow, when Tubby leads us in considering "the ultimate aim," and I propose, therefore, just to sketch what Toc H is not, rather than what it is. Firstly, it is not a club or society ready-made. I mean the sort of society where, having been elected to membership, there is a set of rules providing for every contingency, where the objects and policy are cut and dried, where the activities of the members are organised and controlled by committees or officers. The church is frequently blamed for its failures by criticisms of the priesthood or the machinery, whereas the life of the Church is dependent entirely on its members. I suggest this is equally true of Toc H. Too many people come into Toc H expecting to find everything provided—a ready-made show and not one which is still laying its foundations.

### The First Qualification

It is not a society of the converted—a new kind of religious order, a sort of Oxford Group Movement—where membership is consequent on a spiritual experience which has resulted in a complete or more or less definite self-dedication. Nor, on the other hand, is it an 'Everyman's Club,' in its widest sense, where the sheep and the goats are welcomed alike, without any sort of common factor. Nor is it a society of men and women grouped together to secure a common object by a common road. It is, I dare assert, something almost unique; following one Leader about Whom members may widely differ and as to Whose precepts there may be differing interpretations; Jesus the Son of God or Jesus the Son or Man, or both, Someone, at least, who

holds a key which can unlock a door we all wish to see opened. For this reason Toc H can include the converted and the unconverted but not the opponent. I suggest, then, the first qualification for membership is a willingness to accept and to welcome an opportunity of joining with others in seeking to know and to follow Jesus of Nazareth, even though to some Jesus may have died and ended finally 1900 years ago.\* Toc H is frequently referred to as "God's show": more and more I think we can go further than that and believe (though not, I hope, say lightly) that it is "Christ's Show."

### The Team, the Task, the Training

Secondly, we are all agreed that Toc H is a family. Now the implications of this statement are very far-reaching. It means, first, that we must accept that we are becoming members of a team, working together, not for ourselves but for the common good of all. There is no room in Toc H for the complete egoist, the self-seeker, the leader who is content only to lead. The would-be member must be prepared to take second place or no place at all. He must be prepared to be humbled and not resent it; to be the servant of humanity, using his powers to the common good and not merely for personal advancement or ambition; to suffer fools gladly and, if need be, to suffer for the Cause, 'remembering all the pains and insults Thou hast borne for me.'

Thirdly, he must be prepared to work, willing to undertake the small and humble task as well as the big one; to give to Toc H such talents as he possesses without grudging them. He cannot sit in a corner and, when something has to be done, require the energies of his fellow-members to push him into it. He must at least endeavour 'to leap with joy to any task for others.'

Fourthly, he must be fit. He must have some qualifications, mental or physical, to be an instrument. I have actually known more than one case where a member has been selected for office in order to give him an interest in life, which would otherwise be lacking owing to mental defects—a well-meaning intention. But the cases where a man or woman is accepted entirely for his or her own good must be very exceptional, if at all. Surely there must be some way of helping this type of person other than by admitting to membership. If Toc H is an army with a job to do it cannot recruit C3's. Fifthly, a member must have some sense of humour. Now this, I admit, is a very difficult question, because some people are born without any sense of humour whatever. Perhaps, then, we might limit this by saying that at least a candidate for membership must be prepared happily to tolerate a sense of humour in others.

Sixthly, and lastly, there must be enthusiasm for the Cause. I put this lastly because I maintain it is the most vital of all the qualifications. Such enthusiasm may be at times misplaced, it may create difficulties and problems. I do not mind, provided the enthusiasm is there. The deadliest of all sins a Toc H member can perpetrate in the family is apathy. Before admitting a member we must see that some spark is kindled, even though it may require fanning before it becomes a flame.

\* Though membership is open to men who sincerely hold this view, Toc H as a society maintains that Jesus is the Divine Master of its House and has laid it down (1928) that it appoints no man to the teaching office of Padre in it who does not accept this belief.

## "My Bow of Burning Gold"

Toc H is a movement, and a movement with a spear-head. Though many of us may not be able to see yet where it is going, we know it is going somewhere. We know it is created for a task and a big task, we know it will meet opposition, and we know, those of us who have been in it any length of time, that it is progressing and we dare not let it slow down. It needs leadership, it demands the best men, and the best of those men. It cannot get these unless it has vitality, unless it believes in itself.

Clutter up Toc H with the half-hearted, and the casual, and you will dry up its recruiting field and soon it will die of stagnation. We are continually frightened of demanding much of men, of holding up too high an ideal. I believe that to-day—indeed, in all time—the men we need are the men who will only be attracted by a big adventure, a noble challenge. It is not necessary to be always talking big or talking piously—it is the inner flame always burning that draws men to share the great adventure. If you talk about Toc H, talk with enthusiasm and belief; arguments one may often disagree with, but one is inevitably attracted, none the less, if behind them there burns the compulsion of enthusiastic faith.

If there is anything in Toc H which exasperates me it is not that jobs are clumsily performed, that meetings and business are unmethodical, that relationships are sometimes stereotyped and conventional, but that the membership is lifeless and bored. There is no room in the world as it is to-day for the lazy and the casual, and if Toc H is lazy and casual there is no room for Toc H. "Give me my bow of burning gold, my arrows of desire." Toc H is a builder's job—a creator's job—and it is the legacy of those who gave all and counted not the cost.

These qualifications, then, that I have here suggested for discussion are to my mind the main essentials to be embodied in the "yardstick." I do not, however, suggest that the probationer—or even the full and tried member—should be perfected in these things by any means. The life in Toc H, if it is true, will develop these things and bring them, in the measure of a lifetime, still a long way from what we would all desire. But the possibilities must be visibly present and awakened when passing a candidate for election, and the test of a full member will be the measure by which such qualities develop. In discussing, then, this question of standards, we are faced with two issues—are we going to aim at a big Society to which anyone to whom it makes any sort of appeal can belong, or are we going to make it a series of picked teams whom we feel we have a reasonable prospect of training for a great attack on all that is evil in the world? So far as this country is concerned I think we are clearly committed to the latter. I can see no use in pilots, padres, jobmasters, district committees, training week-ends and all the paraphernalia of a very highly organised and complicated Society unless we are aiming at quite definite results and unless we are selecting our own material with a clear idea as to what each man or woman is going to contribute to the campaign.

In our first discussion we have been considering how the foundations were laid out of which Toc H to-day was born. The Old House was not a mere resting-place

between active service in the front line—it was a definite reinforcement to that front line. True, it could not select its own material or do more than lightly touch many thousands of those who passed through it, and it might be argued that that is the function of Toc H to-day and that it is fairly successfully fulfilling that function. But the circumstances are here very different: we have to do our own recruiting, we have to do our own training for the front line, though the manner and time and method by which a man has to go over the top does not lie in our hands. Are we prepared, then, to challenge men by the greatness of the task, fostering no delusions as to the difficulties to be overcome, the wounds and buffetings to be suffered? Are we, then, going to pick our men deliberately, not expecting to find perfection or anything approaching it, but using material which we have some honest reason to suppose can, with God's help, be a power, within and through Toc H, for the building of His Kingdom?  
R. C. G.

## THE ELDER BRETHREN

Rev. Arthur Hatfield Birks, M.A.: Ibstock Branch

ARTHUR ("Scribe"), Padre of the Ibstock Branch since its foundation in 1928, was called to join the Elder Brethren on July 10, 1933. He took a keen interest in Toc H and the Ibstock Branch owes much to him for his help and guidance. Broadminded to a generous degree, a friend to all men, and a lover of little children, he will be much missed by the whole parish. The Branch took part in the vigil about his remains during the night before his burial. The Branch are proud to remember his work among them.

A. B. Blason: Jersey Group

Jersey Toc H and the Scout Movement on the Island have suffered a great loss in the death of A. B. BLASON. Blason was not only an active member of Toc H but was Assistant Camp Commissioner for Scouts. He initiated the purchase of land and directed the Scout Headquarters for the Island. He was also Secretary of the St. Helier and Western Association as well as of the Scouts' Sports Committee; and with his brother did much to help in the training of Sea Scouts. In spite of long illness and impaired memory in consequence he struggled on at the work up to the last moment. Not only was he a good Scout but a worthy member of Toc H.

James A. Robinson: Chairman, North Shields Branch

"ROBBIE" passed forward on October 4. In his youth he was with the Dragoon Guards in the South African campaign, but afterwards devoted himself wholeheartedly to social work and evangelism with the Church Army, and for the last thirteen years with the fishermen in the Tyne Port. Physically and intellectually strong, his training made him essentially a leader. He triumphed over his final sufferings, and has left an impress of friendship with many.

Alan E. Simpson: Cambridge Branch

After five years of brave and patient suffering ALAN E. SIMPSON ("Simmie") has gone to join the Elder Brethren on August 28. He will be affectionately remembered in Sheffield as a quiet but very keen member of Toc H, and when his work took him to Cambridge, he carried his enthusiasm with him and was Secretary of the Branch until his health gave way. All our sympathy goes out to his devoted wife who fought so bravely for his life during four long years.



## OUR YOUNGER BRETHREN

*Club Leadership.* By Basil L. Q. Henriques, M.A., J.P. Oxford University Press, 3/6.

"Grow young along with me" is the burthen of Mr. Henriques' book. When the world grows tired, when councils and diplomacy seem to fail, it is from young men and women, from boys and girls, that freshness and vigour will come to recreate what is old and weak. In the club movement lies the opportunity so to train the generations now growing up that they shall by their lives make the finer, truer, nobler world than this poor To-day can show. Six-sevenths of the boy population of England ceases its school education at the age of fourteen, just when the disturbing power of adolescence is changing them from boy to man, while at the same time in the economic sphere they are regarded as men. The age of adolescence is the most vital period in a man's life, and six-sevenths of the adolescents of this country would have blindly to struggle through this phase but for clubs and Scout groups and Brigades. To help here is one of the greatest jobs for Toc H, and it is one at which many members have laboured faithfully for years. Every year the need for more men, trained or willing to be trained, grows more urgent. To lead a group of boys to fine living is the most wonderful experience and adventure that a man could desire. Here is a book that can suggest how any man with imagination, sympathy, and humour can turn his gifts to create a greater thing than he may realise. Mr. Henriques writes out of the experience of twenty years of club life in the East End of London, where he has created one of the best clubs in England. His job has kept him young in mind; changing modes of life find him prepared with changing methods. His eagerness to learn new things constantly makes him one of the most qualified men to write on the subject of Boys' Clubs.

This book is crammed with fact, theory and principle throughout its two hundred and fifty pages. It is dogmatically presented, for that, he says, "is the easier method of writing." Chapter by chapter, every aspect of club life is discussed, from dadoes *versus* wainscoting to subscriptions and drying soap to make it last. There are separate chapters on Religion, Sex, Health, Camp and Finance, to name just a few. Many of his statements will provoke discussion, none of them may be lightly passed by. Perhaps the most valuable contribution that Mr. Henriques has made to the Boys' Club movement is in his insistence on having an honorary doctor and psychiatrist in the club whenever possible. To prove the need for these experts he quotes the following figures from his own club: "Of 313 boys examined, only 47 were found not to have some defect that required immediate attention. Of the 266 who had defects, 76 had 2 defects, 29 had 3, and 2 had 4, making a total of 397 defects found."

Having propounded the methods for leading boys without compulsion, Mr. Henriques tackles the matter most valuable to this Toc H audience, the qualifications of the man working in a club. Too often the club worker studies diligently the boy and omits himself. Upon the fitness—mental, spiritual and moral—of the leader, the success in the highest sense, of the club depends. A bad leader not only wastes his own time but harms, perhaps very deeply, the boys he should be leading to the Kingdom of God.

This is a book that should be on the shelves of everyone who attempts to work with young people—for much of it applies to girls' clubs as well—whether he be the seasoned leader or the one-night-a-weeker, who does no more than support the canteen. Let the "unawakened" member read it, too; it must inspire him to assume the great responsibility of this great game.

*The Boy* (published quarterly by the National Assn. of Boys' Club. 6d.; 2/- per annum) is a magazine well worth putting in the club leaders' way, as well as the Jobmaster's, who should know what is happening and what is being thought in this important section of Toc H work. A further notice will appear next month.

## THE VILLAGE OF MERCY

*What follows is the greater part of a long letter written in June by Padre GEOFFREY FIENNES to the Secretary of his old unit, St. Albans. GEOFFREY FIENNES left England in June, 1932, for work with the Universities' Mission to Central Africa and writes from the U.M.C.A. station of Fiwila, Mkwishi, Northern Rhodesia. His letter will fill in further details of the picture of leprosy in various parts of the world which the JOURNAL has been trying to put before its readers (see February, March and April numbers for Malaya, and May and October numbers for West Africa). The unsigned article, "Leper," last month was by the Rev. J. Macaba. Members in many places at home already realise that this is a matter in which Tubby is taking active steps to help and in which other Toc H members are enlisting their service. For some pictures of Fiwila see Plate XXXVII.*

AS you probably know, I have been living in a very small world, a staff of six white people, now diminished to four, in the heart of a particularly backward African tribe known as the Balala. True the Mission District is roughly three thousand six hundred miles in area, but there is not a single white person in all that stretch of land, the native population of which is about three per square mile! Our nearest white neighbours are fifty miles away, the railway line is seventy-five and the nearest town one hundred and twenty-five, which is a good distance when you traverse these roads in a lorry mostly tied together with bark-string!

### All in the Day's Work

*(After describing visits, in passing, to Broken Hill and Ndola and his contact with Toc H in both places, the writer goes on):*—Well, I must take you to FIWILA where my life has been spent, apart from infrequent excursions to the line. I cannot provide you with anything particularly sensational in the way of news, but as it is your custom to listen to every man's story, you can add a missionary to your bag. I suppose you'd like to know what I do with myself all day long. It's really a difficult thing to describe because, unlike most men, a Padre's job whether at home or overseas, isn't, as it were, bounded by office hours; he often can't do the same thing from day to day, even if he wants to, and that's particularly true of a priest-in-charge of a mission station, who needs to possess an infinite capacity for interruption, and the power to embrace all the activities on the station, religious, medical, educational, and, for lack of a better word, sensational. The best I can do is to give you the framework of a day on a station:—

6 a.m.—The Angelus rings, but is, I regret to say, seldom heard by the Padre, who generally manages to find himself in church between 6.30 and 6.45. 7 a.m.—Mass is said every day except Saturday. 7.45 a.m.—Breakfast. 9 to 10.30 a.m.—Padre hopes to occupy himself in clerical labours, which may be translation work or something of that kind. 10.30 a.m.—Padre hopes to be in the workshop. 12 noon—Angelus again, and the European Staff meet for midday prayers, which take the form of the short office of Sext. 12.45 p.m.—Lunch, followed by a short period of digestion, and resumption of work at 1 p.m. Perhaps workshops again, perhaps writing, possibly both, quite likely neither, but a visit to the leper village or inspection of works on the station. 3.30 p.m.—Tea. 4 p.m.—Evensong in the vernacular. 4.30 to 6 p.m.—is supposed to be a period of recreation which has to take the form of either a walk or tennis, which on our court is a game of chance rather than skill. 6 p.m.—The daily bath. 6.45 p.m.—Evensong in English for the staff. 7.10 p.m.—Supper, followed by gossip or bridge. 8.30 p.m.—Compline followed by work which can be done by lamplight.

from the station. This project was made possible by the liberal help received from the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association.\* Later that same year two boys were discharged as cured, but the population of the village rose to twenty-four and this has remained its high-water mark. The present village contains sixteen round huts, forty feet apart, a dispensary, where, in addition, Mass has been said once a week for the past year, and at the beginning of this year the Church described above was completed. The position of the village allows plenty of room for inmates to make gardens and to hunt. The lepers are all fed and clothed by the Mission and those who are able work on the station for a small wage. In all other respects they live a normal village life, and are happy and contented.

The fact that a very large proportion of the known lepers of this large district have found their way to the Village of Mercy suggests that many more such small clinics would probably be the best way to tackle the problem, for not only do they look well and happy, but they are also removed as a source of further infection. Towards the end of last year, a doctor from another part of Africa, who was our guest, examined the twenty-two lepers in residence and classified them as follows: one contact; four non-active and mutilated; 13 active, of whom four were mutilated; four clinical cases, aged 12, 13, 20 and 40. In his report he wrote: "A feature of the settlement is the contentment and friendliness of the inmates. The value of the efforts made by the mission are appreciated, and contacts and early cases come voluntarily for examination and treatment."

For those who knew the story of Paulu Ndebwe there was therefore something almost Pentecostal about the Confirmation which brought the number of Christians in the village to seventeen, the remainder being Catechumens. The Bishop spoke tenderly to them of their sorrow and the sorrow of Our Lord, that they should have this sickness. "But," he said, "I want you sometimes to be glad also that through your sickness you have been brought to live in this village and to hear what otherwise you might never have heard."

In these few years, by a miracle of Grace, a new joy has come into the lives of a handful of lepers, and it may only be said that the happiest faces in Fiwila, the faces most bubbling over with the joy of life, are to be found in the Village of Mercy." G. F.

\* The address of the Association ("BEIRA" for short) is 29, Dorset Square, London, N.W.1. Among other literature it publishes an excellent short pamphlet, *Leprosy, its Distribution, Course and Treatment*. Another pamphlet well worth getting is published by the Church Missionary Society, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.4., entitled *Curing the Incurable* (price 6d.).

## "THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE"

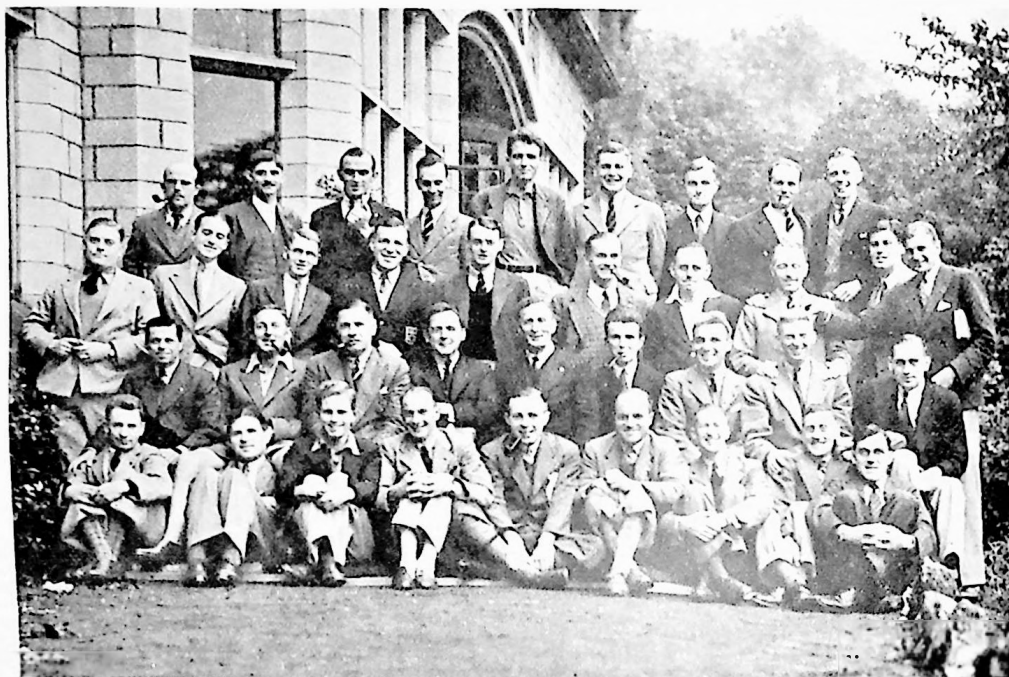
THE TOC H DRAMA LEAGUE is following up its undoubted success with the ambitious production of *If I were King* at Sadler's Wells Theatre with another really big undertaking at the same historic theatre on one night and its sister-theatre 'The Old Vic' on the following night, both by arrangement with Miss Lilian Baylis. (An article on her gallant double venture in these theatres appeared in the March JOURNAL). The Drama League will present Bernard Shaw's *The Devil's Disciple* at Sadler's Wells on Monday, November 27, and at the Old Vic on Tuesday, November 28, on behalf of the funds of the London Police Court Mission and of Toc H. Both the interest of this play and the enterprise of the Drama League in playing it deserve packed houses both nights.

The Drama League announces two other 'fixtures' for the winter season—John van Druten's *London Wall* on February 9 and 10, and a play (title to be announced later) on May 11 and 12—all of these nights at the Cripplegate Theatre, their best-known play-house. Those who will book seats in advance for at least three out of these four productions can claim reduced prices. For details of the scheme apply to T. J. Howson Russell (Hon. Business Director), "Hillways," Creighton Avenue, Muswell Hill, London, N.10.



1. The Dispensary; 2. The Mission—side view; 3. The stream of visitors in the courtyard; 4. The congregation coming out of Church; 5. Natives thatching the Mission roof; 6. A nurse injecting lepers; 7. The men's Leper Compound; 8. At School; 9. The interior of the Church.

(Photographs kindly lent by U.M.C.A.)



THE WARDENS' CONFERENCE AT MATLOCK BATH, SEPTEMBER 23-24.

FRONT ROW : M. Evans (Warden, Hull House); R. S. S. Thomas (Asst. Accountant, H.Q.); R. A. Tyner (Warden, Mark VII, London); H. Sproull (Warden, Brotherton House, Leeds); T. H. Spratling (Warden, Pierhead House, Wapping); W. T. Dent (Warden, Mark IX, Bristol); J. Williamson (Deputy Warden, Mark III, London); R. C. Burns (Warden, Gladstone House, Liverpool); D. Yeomans (Deputy Warden, Brotherton House, Leeds).

SECOND ROW : R. F. Martin (Warden, Mark VI, Birmingham); J. R. Lewis (Padre, South London); W. J. Musters (Registrar, H.Q.); M. C. Callis (Yorkshire Area Pilot and Sec.); P. W. Baldwin (Padre, Northern Area); C. E. Riches (House Secretary, Mark XXII, London); A. S. Greenacre (Western Area Secretary); C. Stevenson (Asst. Area Secretary, North-Western); F. E. Wakeling (House Secretary, Mark XI, Leicester).

THIRD ROW : R. J. Davies (Padre, Hull House); H. Reader (House Secretary, Mark I, London); G. Batchelar (Provost, 42, Trinity Square, London); A. W. Hubbard (Warden, Mark XVI, Swindon); J. French (Deputy Warden, Pierhead House, Wapping); P. S. Watt (Warden, Mark XXII, London); B. Taplin (Warden, Mark XI, Leicester); M. Westropp (Asst. Area Secretary, North-Western); S. Lambert (Area Secretary, West Midlands).

BACK ROW : W. A. B. Young (Warden, Mark VIII, Sheffield); R. N. Peate (Warden, Mark XXI, Derby); R. H. Staton (Area Pilot, Yorks); C. H. Gibson (Deputy Warden, Mark XXI, Derby); G. Jager (Warden, Mark XIV, Salford); A. T. Russell (House Secretary, Brothers' House, London); G. E. Davies (House Secretary, Mark VI, Birmingham); Rev. P. Sands (Area Padre, East Mids. and Lines.); E. B. Wilkinson (Warden, Mark III, London).

## REMARKS re MARKS

*Cromford Court at Matlock Bath in Derby saw the eighth annual conference of Wardens and Deputies of the Toc H Marks in England on September 23/4 1933. It has been said many times that Marks are an essential part of the scheme of Toc H, consequently a report of the discussions there is set out for consideration by all members.*

THE first session, led by the Registrar, supported by his assistant, surveyed the problems of the Warden who, while expected to be the leader of the House, has to apply his talents to Bookkeeping and a certain amount of Domestic Science. If the Warden is to take on his rightful job in the House, he must be set free from the burden of routine organisation. An experiment is now being tried in London of having two Mark Padres between the houses to work with the Wardens. The petty details of management and menus may ultimately be taken out of the Wardens' hands by a scheme already submitted to the Central Finance Committee for careful consideration, by which the gradual centralisation of accounts and control of domestic management of Houses will free him for his main task of leading his team in the adventure of Christian living. One detail of the scheme is that there should be one bank account for all Houses, which would clear up the present absurd situation where some Houses have overdrafts on which interest is being paid, while others have credit balances. Therefore by amalgamating these various accounts it will be possible to "play off" one against the other or against the overdraft on the General Account. "The centralisation of accounts," the report continues, "had already been in operation in London for some years, and any one of the London Wardens would no doubt say it operated satisfactorily, neither had it cramped their style in any way."

In the second session Padre Michael Coleman, speaking on "The Padre of the Toc H Mark," said that it was vital for the Padre and Warden to work hand in glove, and that a Mark should at least consist of 60 per cent. members of Toc H before it started to take any 'hospital cases.' He said that a Padre could do a tremendous lot towards linking the Mark with its Branch and other units in the District. At Mark XIV they had a system of visiting surrounding units. Once a month a "Padre's At Home" to all probationers who wished to go was held. When a Padre comes from a Parish he has a tremendous lot to learn. He has authority, control, and much organising to do, and not a little business and finance. Finally, he has lived in his own home and not in a corporate home. In a Mark he has no authority but definitely comes under the Warden in many ways. Wise Wardens will make the Padres feel that they share in the running of the House. In the Chapel his control is real, and frequently, in the absence of the Warden, he is responsible for other matters. Padre Lewis amplified this by saying that mutual trust and confidence between the Padre and the Warden was essential. Each must have his job, but it is impossible to define the line of demarcation. The Warden cannot ignore the spiritual, nor does he want to. His interest is the building of character. The Padre cannot be confined to the spiritual because the material influences the spiritual.

In summing up the Conference, Greeno made his declaration of faith, saying that a Mark, when running properly, was the finest and most attractive thing in Toc H and that the Wardens had the finest job. The Four Points of the Compass will build the Ideal Mark.

The names of those present will be found in the caption at the foot of the photograph of the conference on Plate XXXVIII. Unfortunately the following were not able to be there: K. F. Allen (Mark XV), R. B. Attride (Mark I), J. Bostock (Bleak House), Jack Clarke (Southampton Seafaring Boys' Club), A. H. Deakin (Shaftesbury Lodge), P. Dunkley (Mark XX), Rev. G. W. Evans (Mark V), W. G. Harvey (Mark II), B. Jackson (Mark XVIII), G. Nukin (Mark VI), B. Weston (Halifax House), H. W. Wilson (Brothers' House), C. Wortley (Mark XIX).



## THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT

**A** NNOUNCEMENTS with regard to the World Chain of Light on December 11-12 have already appeared in the JOURNAL for July (p. 274), and August (p. 305). Here are one or two further announcements:—

1. *Members of Toc H who wish to have their names considered for inclusion in the small party which will leave England on December 11 for Poperinghe should apply, at once, to Paul Slessor, at 42, Trinity Square, E.C.3, stating by which route they would want to travel home (see 2). The party is limited and inclusion in it cannot be guaranteed.*

2. *The time-table of the journey will be as follows:— OUTWARD—Monday, December 11, leave Victoria at 10 a.m. via Dover—Calais—Hazebrouck—thence by motor, arriving Poperinghe at 4 p.m.; HOMEWARD—There are alternative routes, (a) Tuesday, December 12, leave Poperinghe by motor 10.30 p.m., cross by Dunkirk—Folkestone, arriving London, Wednesday, 7.40 a.m.; or (b) Wednesday, December 13, leave Poperinghe by motor 8.30 a.m. for Hazebrouck, cross by Calais—Dover, arriving London 3.10 p.m. that afternoon.*

3. *The Cost of travel and maintenance in Poperinghe is now fixed at £3 15s. od.*

### Heating in the Old House

Last winter the Chain of Light party and other visitors to the old House suffered much from the cold. This disadvantage is now remedied, thanks to an extremely generous gift from one who, while not a Toc H member, was greatly impressed by a visit to Talbot House—Mr. Hett of the National Radiator Company of Brussels. He has presented and installed a complete hot-water radiator system on the two landings, in the Library and in the Upper Room itself. Pilgrims are assured of a really warm welcome this time!

### How the Chain is Forged

The idea of a 'World Chain of Light,' first conceived by Toc H Australia in 1929 and now being adopted for the fifth successive year, is extremely simple. A good many members, however, seem still puzzled as to how it actually works. Some, for instance, picture all the Lamps and Rushlights of the world-wide Family being lit *at the same moment* everywhere. This would be dramatic but it would not be a 'chain,' forged link by link—and it would be difficult to carry out. For when it is 9 p.m. in Poperinghe or in England, it is 3 a.m. in Calcutta and 3 p.m. in Manitoba—awkward hours to assemble members for a Lamplighting. The Chain of Light, as its name implies, is made by the lighting of the Lamps and Rushlights *in regular succession*, 'link by link' so to speak, right round the world—starting from the lighting of the first Lamp at Poperinghe at 9 p.m. one night and ending there at 9 p.m. twenty-four hours later, when the light is received back after its world-journey.

All you have to do, wherever you may be, is to keep your eye on *your own clock*. When the hands point to 9 o'clock on the evening of the day appointed, you light your Branch Lamp or Group Rushlight. The Earth, revolving round the sun, does the rest. At the time *you* are holding 'Light' the members of some unit far away Westward round the world are still going about their noon-day business: by the time *their* clocks point to 9 p.m. you will be in bed and, let us hope, asleep—but the light has been handed on from unit to unit, the 'Chain' forged link by link.

Or, if you will, picture it another way, from the point of view not of a Toc H member taking part but of an observer (if you can imagine him) poised high above the earth in space and watching our globe, with its familiar map, revolving far below him. He would see a tiny point of light start up in the darkness where Poperinghe lies, and a little cluster of lights, a starry *nebula*, all over the British Isles: these would die out after a minute or two and now the next 'link'—the light on some ship in the Atlantic—would next shine and fade away: then, one by one, points of light would follow one another across Canada from East to West: and so, over the Pacific, to New Zealand and Malaya, across Australia, up to Ceylon and India, on to Africa, back again to Europe. *Each of these lights would appear at 9 p.m. by the clock in their own particular place.*





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RECEIVED  
OCTOBER



NEW YORK  
OCTOBER 10  
1910

## A Vigil in the Upper Room

December 11 is the anniversary of the actual opening of Talbot House in 1915. The little party of Toc H members, representing the younger and older generations, at home and overseas, which crosses to Poperinghe on that day, will assemble in the Upper Room at 9 p.m. to hold the Ceremony of 'Light,' which forms the first link in the World Chain. For the next twenty-four hours, during which the Light is travelling from unit to unit round the earth, the Lamp at Poperinghe will be maintained continually alight. This maintenance will be the duty of the party, keeping vigil by twos and threes in turn as the hours go by through night to morning and on through the day to evening again. And as they keep watch before the Lamp they will have in their thoughts and prayers their fellow members of Toc H in that particular part of the world where it is now 9 p.m. and where men stand to their Lamp or Rushlight, faithful links in the chain.

What time should the watchers at Poperinghe remember the members, say, in Vancouver? In other words, what time will it be in Belgium when it is 9 p.m. on December 11 in British Columbia? The answer in this case is 5 a.m. on December 12. The times were originally worked out in Australia in 1929, and have now been checked with the help of an astronomer member of Toc H. Where there is a great gap of ocean or desert on the map of the world, some appropriate section of our membership has been set down for special remembrance. For instance as the Light leaves the western coast of Canada after 5 a.m. for its long voyage of three hours across the Pacific, we remember at 6 a.m. all seafaring members in merchant ships; at 7 a.m. the Elder Brethren—for it was for so many of them the familiar hour at which they heard the order "Stand to!"; 8 a.m. is to many a time-honoured hour for Holy Communion and so it will then be celebrated at the Carpenter's Bench.

### MONDAY, DECEMBER 11.

*All places mentioned below hold "Light" at 9 p.m. by their own time, on December 11.*

- 9.0 p.m. *The Lighting of the Lamp.*
- 9.30 p.m. Belgium. Holland. France (Paris).
- 10.0 p.m. England (London, Eastern, South-Eastern, Southern, East Midlands, West Midlands, Shrewsbury and Yorkshire Areas). The British Army.
- 11.0 p.m. England (Northern, North-Western, Western and South-Western Areas). Wales. Scotland. Ireland. The Home Fleet.

### TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12.

*All places mentioned below hold "Light" at 9 p.m. by their own time, on December 11.*

- 12 midnight. South America (Brazil, Argentine)
- 1.0 a.m. South America (Chile). British West Indies (Antigua). Newfoundland.
- 2.0 a.m. Eastern Canada (Quebec, Ontario). U.S.A. British West Indies (Jamaica).
- 3.0 a.m. Canada (Manitoba). Lone Members everywhere.
- 4.0 a.m. Canada (Saskatchewan, Alberta).
- 5.0 a.m. Canada (British Columbia).
- 6.0 a.m. The Mercantile Marine and all Seafarers.
- 7.0 a.m. *The Elder Brethren—"Stand to!"*
- 8.0 a.m. *Holy Communion.*
- 9.0 a.m. New Zealand.
- 10.0 a.m. Australia (Queensland, New South Wales).
- 11.0 a.m. Australia (Victoria, Tasmania).
- 12 noon. Australia (South). British East Indies. All Toc H Padres.
- 1.0 p.m. Australia (Western). The Far East (China, Japan). The China Squadron.
- 2.0 p.m. Malaya. Burma.
- 3.0 p.m. India (Calcutta). The East Indies Squadron.
- 4.0 p.m. India (Southern, Central, North-Western). Ceylon. The Army in India.
- 5.0 p.m. The Royal Air Force.
- 6.0 p.m. Mauritius. Abadan. Baghdad. Aden. East Africa. Uganda.
- 7.0 p.m. Palestine and Egypt. Rhodesia. South Africa (Transvaal, Natal, Orange Free State, etc.).
- 8.0 p.m. South Africa (Cape Provinces, East and West). West Africa (Accra, Lagos). Malta. The Mediterranean Fleet. Naples. Germany.
- 9.0 p.m. *The Last Link: The Lamp is extinguished.*

## Using the 'Clock'

In order that members may be able to see the whole course of the Chain of Light in a graphic form and, if they so wish, to follow it, link by link, as the twenty-four hours go by, a 'Clock,' with a movable dial, is included as a supplement in this JOURNAL. For the idea we are indebted to a member of the Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield.

If you will cut out 'Dial A' and attach it, according to the instructions, by a pin through the centre to the 'clock face,' you will be able to use it in two ways, *viz.*:—

1. *From the point of view of Poperinghe:* Set the pointer marked 9 p.m. on 'Dial A,' at "THE OLD HOUSE" on the 'clock-face.' You will then see what time it is all round the world when it is 9 p.m. at Poperinghe.

2. *From your own point of view:* Set the pointer, marked 9 p.m. on 'Dial A,' at the place in the world on the 'clock face,' where you yourself are. You will then see at what time (by their own watches) the members keeping vigil in the Old House are remembering you. *E.g.*, If you live in Buenos Aires you will find that it is midnight with them when you are lighting your Lamp; if you are a sailor on the high seas, that it is 6 o'clock next morning in the Old House when it is 9 p.m. with you; if you are in New Zealand at 9 p.m. on Monday, that it is 9 a.m. on Tuesday at Poperinghe—and so on. The 9 o'clock pointer set at the place marked 'Holy Communion' gives you 8 a.m. at the Old House—the hour when it is being celebrated in the Upper Room.

This sounds complicated but works perfectly simply: it is difficult to explain the 'Clock' but easy to use it. And if you can keep it by you during that twenty-four hours, wherever you may be, it may help to bring closer to your mind and heart the whole family of Toc H, bound together about the revolving earth, in the sight and in the service of Him in whom is "no variableness, neither shadow made by turning." B. B.

## WHERE LIGHT GOES

*A well-known member sends these verses with a letter in which he says "I began an article to convey this story to the Brotherhood of Toc H, but it broke into verse—and twice, I notice, into doggerel. . . The story is quite true, except for names."*

WHEN somebody says "It's time for 'Light,'"  
And we knock out our pipes in the fire  
And gather round—some grave, some gay—  
Drawn by a moth's desire,  
I sometimes wonder how many know  
Through what tortuous prisms Light can go.  
Up there at Vimy we saw the Light,  
Angus and I ("Look! There's Lens on fire")  
We gathered round—he grave, I gay—  
A brazier in the mire. . . .  
But before the next day's sun was red,  
While I still lived—young Angus was dead.  
Twenty-three—but a Colonel at that  
Of a Highland battalion in the line,  
Right at the gateway of greater deeds. . . .  
Why should life be mine,  
While he lay lifeless down in the mire?  
Oh, what did it matter—"Lens on fire"!

These last ten years when Toc H says 'Light'  
 I have always included that man;  
 Beyond all others he somehow seemed  
 Alive to the Toc H plan—  
 And often, too, when I 'thought' of him,  
 I thought of his younger brother, Jim.  
 Not that I knew Jim. Angus once said  
 He had hoped Jim would turn out right.  
 I met him twice (hardly Angus' breed),  
 Then he had passed from sight:  
 Like some ship at sea that disappears  
 He had not been 'quoted' for seven years.

\* \* \* \*

This very day in the morning post  
 Of the usual workaday round—  
 Two bills: three cards: a request to preach:  
 A note enclosing a pound:  
 But, last of all, in an unknown 'fist,'  
 A letter from Jim—but note the gist:—  
 "You won't remember me; years ago  
 We met . . . well, you may like to hear  
 I've roamed and ragged and rotted—and now  
 I've joined Toc H out here.  
 What I believe I won't try to write:  
*It's just that I can't escape that Light.*"\*

\* \* \* \*

When somebody says "It's time for 'Light,'"  
 And we knock out our pipes in the fire  
 And gather round—some grave, some gay—  
 It is not a moth's desire. . .  
 The more you do it the more you know  
 In ways unfathomed His Light will go.

G. F. M.

\* This line was an actual phrase in the letter.

## MULTUM IN PARVO

☞ Welcome to HARRY MYCROFT, who joins the Staff as Assistant Area Secretary, North-Western Area. COLIN STEVENSON will shortly be leaving Liverpool to join the staff of the West Midlands Area.

☞ F. W. BAGGALLAY (Padre for India), after a period of leave and work at All Hallows, left for India on October 11 for another tour of duty; HERBERT LEGGATE (North-Western Area Padre), with Mrs. Leggate, sailed on October 14 for work in New Zealand.

☞ H.R.H. THE PATRON has promised to attend a Film and Variety Evening Matinee in aid of the Prince of Wales Toc H Builders' Fund at the Regal Cinema, Marble Arch, at 9.30 p.m. on Wednesday, December 6. Tickets are from 7s. 6d. upwards, but a limited number at 5s., specially for Toc H and L.W.H. members and their friends can be had from E. L. Samuel (Bursar of Toc H), Hyde Park Hotel, London, W.1.

## TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY

*Preparation for Marriage.* Prepared by the British Social Hygiene Council. Cape, 5s.

No apology is needed for this recommendation of yet another book on Marriage. A few years ago this output of books, handling in such detail the approach to marriage, would have been inconceivable. The eagerness with which they are bought is some measure of the deep need they fill. There is a growing body of ordinary decent men and women who have cause to be grateful that such books are being written by wise people.

One definite result of the moral upheaval accelerated by the Great War is the recognition that marriage involves a real technique of living and calls for careful preparation. Changing economic conditions are causing us, in the words of the Bishop of Rochester to view marriage passing from an "ideal of domesticity to an ideal of companionship." The rapid output of thoughtful books on Marriage shows how unprepared we were to offer expert information tested in the noblest schools of experience.

This particular book, "Preparation for Marriage" is one among many similar efforts to meet this urgent need. It differs from others in making no attempt to deal with aspects of marriage specifically religious. It has been compiled from material submitted by a committee of distinguished scientists. In a matter-of-fact way it hands on an interesting, useful and accurate body of information covering all aspects of marriage and preparation for marriage. While it is not an outstanding achievement, this book could not fail to be of great value both to engaged and young married couples and also to those who are often called upon to give advice on problems of married life.

One interesting result of reading this book is to note how strongly it bears out the assertion made recently by John MacMurray that we are still in our infancy in our understanding and handling of the part played in our lives by emotion and feeling. Perhaps when we go into marriage more wisely instructed and widely informed we shall make some progress in this most baffling of psychological and personal problems—how to be real in our feelings.

L. G. A.

## THE FAMILY OVERSEAS

From Canada

THE most important event in the Eastern Canada Region during the last few months was the Toronto District Rally, held in July and in the open air at Scarborough. Sixty men came together to learn from their leaders and themselves. The Hon. Administrator of the Region said some things that deserve big thought, consequently they are reported from the *Midnight Sun*, now well into its second volume. Dr. Wasteney said, "I think we realise to-day as never before, that we human beings have too readily in the past permitted our destiny to be determined largely by the blind forces of nature, and that we must now begin to plan and control its evolution or we may be faced with the stagnation or collapse of civilisation, in place of steady progress towards the realisation of a higher ideal for humanity. I think it is because we feel these things deeply, though we may never have thought them out, that we have joined Toc H, for there is place in Toc H for a scientific humanistic outlook. If this be so, what is the necessary corollary? Is it not that we in Toc H must form a human unit which resolutely plans its actions, individual and corporate, in the consciousness that these actions may play a part in determining the future of humanity. No longer must we allow free play to emotions and instincts. We must dispassionately test and experiment." Discussion groups then got busy on lines he had suggested, and tried their teeth on his thought. After the discussion all roads led to the camp fire where Family Prayers concluded the Rally.



*Kelowna*, B.C. of soup kitchen fame, have been pleasantly repayed by their Boys' Club for all the effort that has been put into it. In the civic sports the club pulled off seven wins and two ties. Their champion junior vaulter has qualified for the Junior Olympic Games at Vancouver. The Branch was sitting down to its business one evening when it strode a veteran of the *Victoria* Branch who had ridden the five hundred miles separating them on a cycle to see them.

Congratulations to the *Prince Rupert* Group which has just produced its News Letter in the approved style, aimed especially at its out-of-town members, of whom it has a number.

### From Malaya

THE family in this part of the World is carrying on its job with vigour and happiness. As far as may be judged from printed reports Guest-nights are aiming at the problem of thinking fairly by talks on Hinduism, with its four paths to the Law of Spirituality, the path of Work, of Knowledge, of Devotion, and of Yoga; on the Ideal Church, when it was said that huge crowds attend football matches why not religious services. Many and long discussions on the Christian faith alternate with debates on Rubber Restriction, the Police Force, all of which touch life nearly.

In spite of so much verbal exercise, physical activity in the shape of jobs has not been wanting. The Kuala Lumpur Leper Settlement, of which mention has been made before in these pages, is much in the minds of the *Kuala Lumpur* Group, as well as hospital visiting and blood transfusion. One noteworthy job has been tackled by a member of the *Taiping* Wing, that of meeting and taking care for one night of James Woods, who was flying solo from Australia to England in an effort to beat Mollison's time. He landed at the Taiping Aerodrome at six o'clock in the evening of July 8, was taken over by the member, given a bed, fed next morning, and led back to the landing ground for his next hop to Akyab at five o'clock a.m. Relief work and repatriation to Siam of one case is worthy of record. Finally, a scheme is being prepared in Taiping to set up a school to train and find employment for Asiatic servants, with the co-operation of the residents of that town.

### From Tokyo

How the Group began is the proud memory of every unit in Toc H. Yet, although the fact of birth has a vivid and personal importance to those who sustain it, it occurs with such frequency as to become a commonplace of life. So often in Toc H are the early struggles, the glorious lamp-post days, the salad days of the tiny headquarters in which the kettle on the hob has to poke its spout through the opposite window, leading finally in a few cases to the stage when the Branch is comfortable and dead; so often are these experiences common to all units that their recital is tedious rather than thrilling. However, the extracts from a log that follow are given because they relate the first attempt to plant Toc H in Japan. In Yokohama, too, a similar adventure is in progress. What the future of this will be no one can tell. It began with purpose and laughter, which at least is a good omen.

The first meeting in which Toc H was discussed was held in the Tokyo Club on April 13, at which all present were addressed solemnly by their titles or sombrely as 'Mr.' "Bobs" Ford and Harry Chappell told the story of Toc H and outlined the methods of procedure, after which opinions were solicited as to the possibility of Toc H in Tokyo with relation to the Japanese. The second and third meetings were occupied in discussing the opportunities for service, the question of nationals, and the social obligations of the foreign community. Then came the true beginning. "The first meeting for actual groping was

held at a member's house on May 3, in his studio. Our host, besides his arduous duties as a servant of H.M. Government, is by way of being a student of Art—mainly feminine, judging by the studies that decorated the walls. We ragged him a good deal about them, and were rather relieved that the Bishop did not turn up." Thereafter the meetings fluctuated as to numbers, increased by new members and decreased temporarily by illness, not defection. Jobs soon came along. "The Secretary read a letter from the British Association of Tokyo giving information regarding an Englishman who had sustained injuries in a motor-car accident about a year ago, and even now is only able to move about in his home situated some way out of Tokyo. It was intimated that he would appreciate a visit. Suggestions were made for jobs among the Japanese in the Social Settlements in the poor districts of the city, such as teaching for two hours a week a little simple English to students who cannot afford to pay for tuition, advice in connection with entertainments, and instruction and supervision in games." The usual comic aspect of the first job appeared when the two men seeking the injured Englishman went astray and only located him at last late at night with the aid of the Post Office officials among others!

As full summer approached, a good record of jobs had been compiled, done for their own countrymen as well as others. "Hubert said he had come across some young American fellows who were playing in various jazz-bands at dance halls in Tokyo who seemed to be rather lonely and at a loose end. He indicated that it would be a good thing to bring them more in touch with the foreign community here. Several of them are graduates of good universities in the U.S.A., such as Harvard and Yale. Efforts are to be made to get hold of these lads, and it was suggested that they may like to play football next Autumn." An attempt at welfare work is being made in respect of a little Japanese girl who is suffering from tuberculosis in the midst of a destitute family.

Summer brought a break; the first meeting of the winter session was planned for the first Monday in October. Let us hope that this brave building will be able to continue.

## AREA DESPATCHES OF THE MONTH

### From the London Area

**S**INCE January last the Staff in London has been growing gradually smaller, with the sailing of Owen Watkins and Geoffrey Martin for South Africa, and the departure of 'Appy' for St. Martin's. In the last few weeks, however, we have been, once again, brought up to 'full fighting strength.' Three Padres and one Layman have arrived to grace the London Office. A. E. F. (Ted) Hammond, who has been well known in South and North London for some time, is helping Alec under the label of Assistant London Secretary. The Rev. F. E. Ford, better known as 'Bobs,' after running round the globe in the company of Harry Chappell, has come to rest in London. His wide experience of Toc H under very varying conditions makes him a great acquisition, especially to the West of London, where his chief work will lie. Two other Padres, E. R. Charlewood ('Charley') from Finchley, and R. L. Watson ('Bob') from Burnham-on-Sea, are performing special duties as Mark Padres. This post of Mark Padre is in the nature of an experiment. For some time Marks have been a subject of discussion, and a whole day was devoted to them at the Staff Conference in September. London, with its eight Marks, has its own peculiar problems to face and it is hoped that two whole-time Padres, whose primary concern it will be to guide, advise and generally consider Marks, will be able to do much to assist the Wardens to make of these Houses all that the Membership so deeply longs for them to be. It is intended that each Padre shall gather together a little team of men interested and concerned with the Marks directly under his care, to further by their thought and interest the high purpose of the London Houses.

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## LATE NIGHT FINAL

The intelligent reader has realised already that the Overseas News in the JOURNAL is necessarily incomplete and fragmentary. The following list is designed to encourage our readers to subscribe to at least one Overseas Journal, and so to complete their vision of the family, 'from China to Peru.'

Australia: *The Link*. Monthly, 3/6 per annum. Editor, 476, Collins Street, Melbourne, C.I.

Malaya: *The Little Journal*. Monthly, free, postage extra. Editor, S. G. Grant, 1298, Circular Road, Kuala Lumpur, F.M.S.

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Ontario, Canada: *The Midnight Sun*. Monthly, \$1 per annum. Editor, 614, Huron Street, Toronto.

South Africa: *The Compass*. Bi-monthly, 3/- per annum. The General Business Manager, P.O. Box 3624, Johannesburg.

South America: *The Mark*. Quarterly, \$3.00 Argentine paper per annum. Editor, Mark I, (S. America), Chacabuco 723, Buenos Aires, Argentine.

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Another adventure upon which we are about to launch is the division of London into four independent Areas—that is, of course, provided that the suggestions from the present Area Executive are agreed to by the Central Executive. At first sight it appeared that London could never satisfactorily be divided; the surrounding suburbs are so inextricably linked by common interests and activities at the centre, and in the eyes of those living in the Provinces London must always appear as one great city, that any division must seem purely arbitrary. However true this may be, some drastic step has been forced upon us by the rapidity of growth. In 1921 there were 3 Units in existence; in 1926 there were 43 Units; in 1930 they numbered 92, and to-day there are some 130 Units, with new Groups constantly appearing. Since the last JOURNAL Despatch the following new babies have been born: *Crayford, St. Hellier, West Drayton and Mottingham*. The close links between different parts of London, while always providing a sense of one large family for the Metropolis, at the same time make it difficult to give adequate help and leadership from one centre. The Area Executive, therefore, after much consideration, decided to seek its own execution, that four new Areas, the Northern, Eastern, Southern, and Western London Areas, might arise from its grave. To co-ordinate the work of the four Areas and to control such activities as the Sports Club and Entertainments Committee, and All-London Festivals, etc., which cannot well be divided, it is proposed that there shall be a Central Advisory Committee. All being well, the division will take place on January 1 of next year.

As a preliminary to this division, four large camps were held this summer, providing an opportunity for the districts which will be linked together in the future to get to know each other. Four successive week-ends found the North, East, South and Western sections of London encamped at Hadley Highstone, Stifford, Biggin Hill and Ruislip respectively. Fine weather blessed only two of the Camps, but rain at Ruislip had in the end to yield to the persuasiveness of Barkis, while at Hadley Highstone the corporate discomfort involved in erecting a marquee in the pouring rain resulted in a corporate fellowship which did much to make the camp a success. Tubby, at Biggin Hill, round the camp fire, made a strong plea for a deeper sense of individual responsibility, while, at Hadley Highstone, Hubert Secretan struck a similar note. Toc H stands upon the sincerity and quality of each member. The chief guest at Stifford was Pat Leonard. It was the first time London had tried to run such large camps; an experiment that was generally agreed to have been successful.

The long spell of fine weather was responsible for a large amount of camping this summer and during most week-ends Units and Districts were getting together to combine light-hearted jollity and serious thinking. The Sports Club has been busy, and in March and April arranged two exciting afternoons with the Seven-a-Side and Five-a-Side Tournaments. Mark VII won the former after defeating Northampton in the final, while Tower Hill beat Twickenham at Soccer. The Athletic Sports at the Duke of York's Headquarters in May also attracted a happy crowd—there is room for many more—an event of great interest being the competition between teams from Boys' Clubs. The Sports Club Guest-night was held at the Brothers' House on October 23, with Bruce Harris as speaker.

The realisation that if Toc H is to be capable of making any lasting contribution to modern needs, it must work with its brain as well as with its hands, has been growing. In various ways, by conference and debate, attempts have been made to face our problems squarely. The Area Executive met informally for a week-end at Wapping in May, and among other things discussed "Toc H in Central London" and "The Potential Value of Toc H Membership in To-morrow's Civilisation." In East London groups of men have been invited to pass through the process of 'Chewing,' 'Cudding,' and 'Spewing,' they being three stages of discussion groups which are designed to help men to take the lead in building Toc H in East London. In South London, the Dover Road District

experimented with a District Debate on the subject of the individual in this mechanistic age. The subject was first debated in every Unit of the District at least once, and finally brought to an open debate in the District.

The series of six talks on the "Training for Service" which was given last autumn proved of such interest to the London membership that a further series was arranged for this year on the subject of "The Use of Leisure." As Hubert Secretan emphasised in the opening talk, economic conditions in the future would probably compel shorter working hours and a consequent increase of the time available to individuals to do as they please. Upon the use to which this free time was put would depend the maintenance of the high character of mankind. The right use of leisure must essentially be creative. Toc H must accept the responsibility of striving with all its strength to secure that its influence was toward such a right use. The second evening was concerned with the use of Leisure in the Home. Hugh Walpole gave an extremely fine talk on "Reading," followed by S. J. de Lothbiniere on "Listening" and Cecil Thomas on "Handicrafts." At the third session the subject was the "Use of Leisure in the Life of the Community." The place and value of the Cinema was dealt with by the Rt. Hon. Shortt, P.C. (President of the Board of Film Censors). Dr. Martin Shaw emphasised the value of Music, and the importance of differentiating between good and bad music. Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth (Secretary of the British Drama League) stressed the value of the Drama, and particularly brought out how acting, by compelling the actor to live in his part enabled him to appreciate life from another point of view and assisted the practice of thinking fairly. Further talks were "The Use of Leisure in the Open Air," by Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett, of the National Playing Fields Association, who dealt with team games, and Mr. E. St. J. Catchpole, of the Youth Hostel Association, who concerned himself with such subjects as "Hiking." The final session was on "Toc H and the Creative Use of Leisure," by Keith Fraser. The whole formed a most valuable series of talks on a very important subject, and the good attendances testified to their appreciation.

Further arrangements that should prove of practical assistance is a series of talks to new Jobmasters, mainly upon the technical side of their work, and week-end conferences for Jobmasters and Pilots in conjunction.

Other items of news that may be of interest are that the Joint Advisory Committee, which has been deliberating upon the question of better co-operation between Toc H and the L.W.H. has issued a report which should be of practical assistance. It has also made arrangements concerning the Special Communion held at All Hallows and 42, Trinity Square. The Communion on Ascension Day are to be for Toc H Members only. Those on Lady Day for L.W.H. Members only, and on All Saints' Day for both Toc H and L.W.H.

The Drama League also deserve the heartiest of congratulations on the striking and excellent production of "Macbeth" at the Cripplegate Theatre.

The summer months are often a period of relaxation from the usual winter activity, but it would appear to be true to say that time has not been wasted in idleness, but that a quiet and serious preparation has been going on for bigger responsibilities in the future. London has a big job to face, and much re-organisation to accomplish, but high hopes, and a belief that the 'will to do' can accomplish much are a constant encouragement. J. L.

### From the Yorkshire Area

AREA SECRETARIES have to write things when they do not feel like it, and if they do feel like writing it is not their turn for Area News, or the Editor deals with their contribution in the usual wastepaper-basket manner. This Secretary does not feel inspired at the moment, so he proposes to let the Area give its own news by a series of jottings, so that readers may interpret for themselves how Toc H goes in the County of Tykes.



JOTTINGS SECRETARIAL.—Lost to the Notts. and Derby Division of the East Midlands Area, one District, to wit *Sherwood*. God speed to you, *Chesterfield*, *Worksop*, *Retford*, and *Mansfield*. Won for Toc H as new Groups, *Southey*, *Batley*, *East Keswick*, *Grenoside* and *Holbeck*.

STAFF MOVEMENTS.—Padre Alan Colthurst, though still resident in Leeds, becomes as Assistant Administrative Padre for the North, available for talks, training week-ends, etc., anywhere North of the Trent. Congratulations, Alan! Don't let the wider sphere of work allow the figure to get wider as well! Rev. R. J. Davies, another stout fellow (in both senses) becomes Area Padre with his abode at Toc H, Clarendon House, Hull. Reg. Staton, our Area Pilot, moves from Hull back to Mark VIII, Sheffield, where 10 years ago he moved in as the first hosteller. Monty Callis, Area Pilot and Secretary, moves from Sheffield to Brotherton House, Leeds, so that he may pose better as a Secretary.

EVENTS OF NOTE SINCE APRIL.—The Bishopthorp Conference, for a report of which see the August JOURNAL, p. 301. Our grateful thanks go to his Grace, our host. A very well conceived and planned show. The North of England Schools' and Clubs' Camp at Chatsworth Park on August 5-12. Seventy-five boys aged between sixteen and twenty, from clubs and works, met fifty from grammar, public, and day schools and spent a very fine week together. On September 30, the Plumer Lamp and Aumbry in York Minster were dedicated. Toc H in Yorkshire was represented by the District Chairmen and the *York* Branch. The Archbishop of York gave a talk to business men, visited the Community Club, and spoke at the inter-District Guest-night at Huddersfield on October 25.

JOTTINGS JOBMASTERLY (by Reg. Staton).—In the East Riding, money has been raised to enable two hundred poor boys from the ages of 10 and 14 to spend a week-end at one of the country units' headquarters within easy reach of the large town. After the camp the lads are invited to join a junior club run by the city units. In the same town a new boys' club is being opened this month, named to the memory of Wilberforce. This club is for lads from fourteen to eighteen, and the N.A.B.C., with the assistance of Rotary, Round Table, and several friends, have helped the units to make this possible. Summer camps were held at the seaside for boys from thickly populated industrial areas. In the West Riding, among jobs of note are unemployed clubs and the formation of boys' clubs opening up in the whole Area. That important job of the Personal Service Department is still being carried on by the *Leeds* Branch at Red House (Mark XIX). Here all and sundry are able to find friendship and help in case of need. It is hoped in the near future to persuade Red House to come out into the open and let us know what is going on so that other units may gain from their increasing experience. The Crypt at St. George's Church, Leeds, is open all day and night for wayfarers with nowhere to sleep. Padre Robins has for the last few years done a great work amongst the less fortunate and the prayers and sympathy of Toc H will help them to carry on. Boys' clubs take up our manpower the most. A good thing to look ahead to try to build up a clean and healthy manhood. In South Yorkshire, boys' clubs opened at Barnsley and Wakefield under the N.A.B.C. are not run completely by units, but we do provide a great deal of manpower. We are hoping for great things at Sheffield with the assistance of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, and we could also write about jobs such as Blood Transfusion Service, Hospital Libraries, Personal Service Visiting, After-care, and assisting the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, etc., etc., but will conclude with the following slogan, "Pull up your socks and get on with the job."

JOTTINGS PILOTIC.—The efforts of the past four years on the part of Pilots in Yorkshire to compile in a series of reports the results of their work and experience have resulted in the production on the part of the Area Office of an attractive roneo booklet "A Guide to Pilots." The cover, designed by a young aspirant to Toc H gives pilots and embryo

pilots a vision of the task to which they have set their hands. A purely domestic production only, but we are proud of it. Districts in turn, either through week-end rallies, or evening conferences, are setting themselves in earnest to answer provocative questions on the burning questions of the day. We don't expect to find a solution, but we feel it is a step in the right direction, to try to think clearly and fairly about these problems whether they be civic, social, or religious. Group discussion has been found a great help.

Two years ago the Area Executive invited Branches and Groups to agree to the appointment of Pilots being placed in the hands of Districts after consultation with the Area Padre or Pilot concerned. This step has been appreciated and makes the important proviso that the pilot is *selected* by the Jobmaster, Padre, and Secretary to be safeguarded.

### From the South Western Area

THE SOUTH WESTERN AREA now embraces forty-one units so that its handbook has grown into an eight-page affair containing much information of an interesting and instructive nature. Starting from the back, we find tabulated details of the *West Cornwall* District, whose four units, while they work in complete harmony together, have not yet been able to add to their strength. The fact seems to be that the Cornish, as a race, do not take readily to what they regard as something new. The what-was-good-enough-for-my-father principle still largely obtains. And since there are many aspects of modern progress which are definitely bad, one does not condemn the Cornish people for their caution. This is simply stated as the probable reason why, after a life of several years, the District comprises only four units when there should be at least ten. A District Team is now being formed to deal with this problem of slow growth. *Falmouth* held their usual week-end camp at Kennack, near The Lizard, in July. Here there is a Youth Hostel which they helped to establish and which, in its first season, was so successful that the members found the job of helping to set up a further hostel at St. Mawes one quite to their liking. There is no East Cornwall District as yet and so the *Saltash* Group finds itself included in the *West Devon* District—strange though that must seem to a Cornishman. This Group has now got going and one of the material results of its being is a clear gain of two swings presented to the Corporation for the children. Crossing the broad Tamar we come to *Devonport*, the members of which Group did a lot to help *Saltash* in their recent groping. The Navy has been in port during summer leave and many sea-going members have visited the headquarters. It is encouraging to note that their Journeymen's Passports are well filled in with records of good work done while away from the home port. *Plymouth* Branch are looking forward to their big Guest-night on November 24, at which Tubby has promised to be present. They helped the groping at Torpoint and speak well of its progress and spirit. The chief corporate job undertaken by *Plymouth* is the Sunday afternoon visit to the Casual Ward. A room has been set aside by a sympathetic superintendent for the purpose of the Family Gathering which they hold, and which—after the first suspicions have worn off—have come to be greatly appreciated by the majority of the men. This Casual Ward job, while difficult, is held to be really worth while. As the correspondent says: "It is immensely gratifying when a fellow who at first is depressed, has the hopeless look of a man who suffers, and whose mind is weary, gives you a cheery smile and a handshake when you leave him."

In the *East Devon* District, *Exmouth* continues to keep going well on jobs of an unobtrusive, but none the less useful character. The chief item of interest during the summer season was the visit to the port of H.M.S. *Valiant*, when the Toc H members on board were entertained at the Headquarters and a happy evening of much goodfellowship was spent. The Navy can, of course, always be relied upon to make things go well. At Newton Abbot, the Group has taken on a quite considerable job of producing the

quarterly journal of the East Devon District, *The Bond*. They tell of one or two hitches at the outset *owing to some of the units not sending in their reports*.

At *Bideford*, in the newly-formed *North Devon* District, they have been fortunate in obtaining a room of their own which resembles the Upper Room in the Old House. This should held them greatly, for there can be no doubt that atmosphere plays a big part in Toc H meetings. In August the Group took on their biggest corporate job of the year in providing a Showmen's Rest Room for twelve days. The *Lynton* Group is flourishing, there being an active membership of ten with seven probationers—the eldest of whom is seventy and the youngest sixteen. They have set up and maintain a hut for wayfarers to sleep in. This has been well used, sometimes there being as many as nine men in it on one night. The hut is regularly visited by the Group.

Favoured by the ideal weather of the past most excellent summer, the *Minehead* Group in the *West Somerset* District have been running week-end camps which have been well attended, not only by their own members, but by visitors from near and far. The *Bridgwater* Group is active and the forty members and probationers seem to have had a thoroughly good time together lately. They gave a play in aid of the Mayor's Unemployed Fund, and a Swimming Gala was run by them on behalf of the local Nursing Association, enabling the handing over of £23. Still unexhausted by these efforts, they organized a dance the proceeds of which were used to start a Social Service Fund. Like *Minehead*, *Wellington* Branch has been going in for week-end camps, which for real fellowship and getting to know the other fellow are hard to beat. The idea was carried a step further in a great "Gathering of the Clans" at *Castle Neroche* in the *Blackdown Hills* one evening in June. *North Petherton*, being a country village near *Bridgwater*, does not offer the Group there any great scope for corporate jobs, so they engage mainly on individual jobs, although a good deal of work has been done in aid of the *Bridgwater Hospital League*.

The idea of a Rest Hut and Canteen for Showmen originated in the *South Somerset* District, and the Group at *Ilminster* carried out this much appreciated job for the fifth year in succession. The goodwill thus established between Toc H and the Showmen fraternity—employers as well as employees—was evinced this year by the holding of a dance, after the show was over one night, on the "Dodg'ems Track." The proceeds were handed over to the Group to be expended as they might decide. In *Crewkerne* is held every summer a great Fair which dates back to remote ages and which has always brought into this pleasant little town a motley crowd. During its short life, the *Crewkerne* Branch has had some notable achievements, but the members find the most satisfying one is the "Everyman Club," which they started three years ago and which is now regarded as part of the Fair. This club is housed in the Drill Hall, right in the heart of the Fair, and is a hive of activity every night during the Fair Week. Not only is food dispensed and "shake-downs" provided for those who need them, but good fellowship, mingled with plenty of humour, abounds. The Ceremony of Light is held each evening and those in the club are invited to take part. The remark, "So long—see you again next year!" as the visitors leave, is counted by the Branch an ample reward for all their efforts.

There is no definite news to recount from the one remaining District of this Area—*West Dorset*—but, from unofficial reports, *Weymouth* Branch, at any rate, continues to be particularly active—there being many "live wires" attached to it. Among their regular jobs are: visiting the Borstal Institution up on the wild, bleak heights of *Portland*; caring for the wireless sets of the blind; Sunday visits to the Casual Ward; co-operating with the Mayor in a Club Room for the unemployed; editing, producing and organizing the sale of the Hospital Carnival Magazine, which on the last occasion produced a good profit for the Hospital.

S. H.

## From the Northern Area

THE writer of our last despatch has left the Area to return to his Church. Padre Sam Davis, who was our Area Padre for four years, has accepted a circuit with Headquarters at Halifax. That his loss is felt by many, is evidenced by the many enquiries about him. His place has been filled temporarily by "Bill"—P. W. Baldwin, Hon. Federal Padre of Australia and State Padre of Victoria. Bill informs folk that he is in this country to learn, and a favourite phrase is "It's your move—you show me." It is obvious—and generally agreed—that he has a great deal to give, and while it may be true that he wants to see how matters are managed over here, we, in this Area, can teach him little about Toc H. Bill has put on paper some great thoughts and a great ideal, and these papers have been sent to some Branches and some individuals with the result that a "plan of reconstruction" has been adopted by a number of units. For perhaps the first time, units are facing up to the responsibilities of individual membership; are trying to organize their men into teams and tackling their major interests through those teams. The standard to be aimed for is summed up in "has Toc H changed me and am I changing others?" It is not possible yet to compute the effect of this plan on the Area, but it can safely be said that if units will face up to the challenge in Bill's plan, the whole standard of Toc H will be raised and it will adventure on a scale not yet attempted in this Area.

The Boys' Clubs in County Durham have passed another milestone. The Clubs at Consett, Durham City and Bishop Auckland have now been handed over to their respective local Committees and the Toc H Area Executive now disappears as the controlling authority. In each case the services of the whole-time leaders has been dispensed with and part-time leaders engaged.

As the original grant from the Pilgrim Trust is dwindling, local Committees are now busy raising funds to ensure the continuity of the Clubs. That they will continue is reasonably well assured by the backing they are receiving from men who realize their value. The Club at Chester-le-Street was closed at the beginning of the year so that it might be re-organized. Thanks to the efforts of its leader, a strong Committee has been set up and the town is backing the venture. Now that other premises have been secured, the Club will re-open in November with every prospect of success. Boys' Club work is growing in the Area—its importance is realized—and much more interest is being taken than was formerly the case.

Unemployment schemes are being maintained and many units are pulling their full weight in this very necessary service. The work at Newcastle is now in charge of a whole-time officer and one Welfare Centre has also a whole-time man. Toc H was not responsible for starting this particular scheme—although it was interested—but the scheme has grown so big and comprehensive that it serves as an example to many units and towns who want to develop on similar lines.

This is at least one job in which "we are in for the duration" and which calls for all the energy and time we are capable of.

Since our last despatch one more Group has received promotion, and *Brampton* in the Carlisle District will receive its Lamp at the Birthday Festival. Branches, generally, are falling into line with the principle of "limitation of Branch status" and are offering themselves for decision as to their fitness to hold a Lamp of Maintenance. Mark XVIII, after a long spell of pessimism and half-emptiness, is now quite cheerful. The team is increasing and there is a demand for team service.

On the whole, there is reason for optimism throughout this hard-hit part of the world. Units are really facing up to the challenge of Toc H and the winter should see considerable developments amongst our membership, for there are quite good prospects of further extension.

P. K.